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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1956.

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RELAX IN
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THE FAMOUS COMFORT
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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

Fighting Flies

IT is appropriate that the populace of Hongkong should be asked today to join the World Health Organisation in its campaign against disease-carrying insects. The Colony, unhappily, has its full quota of these dangerous pests, foremost among them, flies. We urge the community, as from today, to assist the health and sanitation authorities to wage an effective war against this pestilence.

It is not enough to rely on the health authorities to deal with the fly scourge. While they have their role to play, success as a whole will depend on how far each individual is prepared to co-operate by permanently removing places where flies can breed.

Improved sanitation, including the correct disposal of sewage, garbage, animal excrement and industrial wastes in which flies can breed, must be the first step in fly control.

Experience has shown that fly control cannot be achieved permanently by insecticides alone. One of the tragedies of our times is that too frequently reliance has been placed entirely on insecticides. They have and will play an important role in the control of many diseases wholly or partially transmitted by flies, but this role must be clearly defined.

There can never be certainty of success when complete dependence for success is placed on insecticides. Sanitary measures, on the other hand, when properly applied, have never been known to fail in bringing about effective fly control. It is the one measure to which flies have never developed resistance.

Simple sanitary practices, if adopted by everyone, will bring about immense reductions in the number of flies in those areas of the Colony where they represent a health problem.

The community, under the helpful guidance of the health and sanitation authorities, can put into practice measures that have been proved effective against flies. These can be supplemented by the use of insecticides. A programme of that nature, vigorously applied by every citizen, will take the community far along the road to freedom from flies, filth and disease.

HEAVY EGYPTIAN LOSSES

Hospital Hit: Women Killed

BURNS REPORTS TO HAMMARSKJOLD

New York, Apr. 6.

Casualty figures of yesterday's Gaza strip fighting between Israel and Egypt as received from Major-General E. L. M. Burns, United Nations Chief of Staff in Jerusalem, today were: On the Egyptian side: 55 civilians killed (30 men, 15 women, 10 children); 172 civilians wounded (56 men, 33 women, 13 children); four soldiers killed (one body seen and three others reportedly transported to Cairo); four soldiers wounded.

On the Israeli side: four civilians and two servicemen wounded.

General Burns' report to UN headquarters said the casualties on the Egyptian side included some from Gaza town and villages to the south of it.

The report also said that there had allegedly been two direct hits on a hospital building causing the deaths of nine Egyptian women.

Ceylon Elections

LANDSLIDE VICTORY

Colombo, Apr. 6.

The Peoples United Front won a landslide victory, taking 28 seats out of the 42 contested during the first day of elections to renew Ceylon's legislature.

Premier Sir John Kotelawala's United National Party won eight seats and Trotskyists four. One Communist and one independent candidate were returned.

Observers expected a further swing towards the Peoples United Front when voting takes place tomorrow for a further 23 seats.

The leader of the Peoples United Front, Mr S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, expected to be Ceylon's new premier, said today his party was a Democratic Socialist one. He pledged it would ensure "religious and other minorities justice and fair play."—France-Press.

General Burns kept Mr Hammaraskjold informed of the latest moves on the border and notified him that in view of the tense situation, he would postpone for 24 hours his planned meeting with the Secretary-General in Rome, prior to their tour of Middle Eastern capitals.

Mr Hammaraskjold was due to leave New York by air this evening for London. During a 90-minute stopover he was to confer with Mr Selwyn Lloyd, British Foreign Secretary.

United Nations officials said that General Burns would now arrive in Rome on Sunday. But, they added, Mr Henri Vigier, General Burns' political adviser, would meet Mr Hammaraskjold in the Italian capital on Saturday as planned.

During a busy morning, Mr Hammaraskjold went over some of the plans for his tour of the Middle East with Mr Fouad Ammoun, of Lebanon, and Mr Abba Eban, the Israeli delegate who travelled especially from Washington. The Secretary-General has separate appointments with them.

Mr Hammaraskjold is making the trip at the urgent request of the Security Council to report on Israeli and Arab compliance with the armistice agreements.

Egypt has already notified the Security Council of the heavy civilian casualties suffered and has charged Israel with responsibility for them.

An Israeli delegation spokesman said that the Security Council would be informed today of Israel's side.

Egypt, bringing the clash to the attention of the Security Council, did not ask for a Council meeting, but stressed that it was only a preliminary report and that the Council would be kept informed of further developments.—Reuter.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: The General's lady, by Jean Macgregor Hind, world's greatest and TB drive, by Herbert Gato.
P. 6: The Vengeance of Private Pooley, adapted from the book by Cyril Jolly, part 4. A Scots writer debunks Robert Burns.
P. 7: Cliff Morgan, Welsh Rugby wizard, tells George Whiting of the greatest day of his life. Anne Sharpley visits Lady Harding in Cyprus.
P. 8: Eileen Aversoff gives a disillusioning account of Latin Rome. Robert Pitman concludes his series "Into the Twilight World".
P. 13: Les Armour writes on Aldous Huxley.
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas news, round-up.

EX-PRIEST GOES ON TRIAL

Arezzo, Apr. 6.

An ex-priest, who confessed to poisoning a pregnant servant girl accidentally and then throwing her body into a stream, went on trial here today, charged with homicide, forgery and illicit medical practice.

The ex-priest, Amilcare Coloni, said he gave poisonous shots to the girl, 28-year-old Celestina Palustri, at her own request after she told him the drug was a special dieting compound.

Coloni, who was suspended from the priesthood shortly before his arrest in February, said the girl died almost instantly and he threw her body in the stream in a fit of panic.

Coloni, who appeared at today's hearing in civilian clothes, his parish records a fake marriage between another man and Miss Palustri, who was three months pregnant.

Coloni said he did not know Miss Palustri was pregnant when he administered the shots. Today's hearing discussed chiefly whether further testimony in the case should be given behind closed doors.—France-Press.

He "Put On A Show" Before His Execution

San Quentin, Apr. 6.
Robert O. Pierce, 27, condemned murderer, slashed himself and had to be overpowered by guards today when he and a fellow prisoner were strapped into chairs in the gas chamber. The other prisoner, who went quietly to his execution, was Smith E. Jordan, 28, a partner with Pierce in the slaying on Aug. 2, 1954, of taxi driver Charles B. Rose, 48, in Oakland. Both Pierce and Jordan were negroes.

The execution started at 10.00 a.m. Both men were pronounced dead at 10.15 a.m.

"The execution was unusually late," said warden Harley O. Trites, "because of Pierce's behaviour. Somehow he had slashed a piece of glass and he slashed himself on the right side of the neck. He fought the guards and had to be overpowered to be strapped into the chair."

Pierce, who staged a one-man riot in his death cell earlier this week, had promised: to put on a "show" before he would permit to his execution.—United Press.

Adenauer, Mollet May Meet

Paris, Apr. 6.

The possibility of a meeting between French Premier Guy Mollet and Dr Konrad Adenauer, West German Chancellor, is being discussed between Paris and Bonn, usually well-informed sources said here today.

No firm suggestion for the date or the place of the meeting had yet been put forward, the sources said.

Diplomatic observers believed that if such a meeting took place in the near future, three questions would dominate the agenda—disarmament, German reunification, and European security.

Official sources in Paris would not comment on the statement issued in Bonn yesterday in which the West German government expressed its disapproval of the suggestion that the disarmament question should take precedence over the problems of German unity and European security.

The German statement was provoked by the interview given by M. Mollet to the American magazine US News and World Report, in which he said the problems of European security and German unity would be easier to solve "if we begin by solving the problem of general disarmament."

Diplomatic observers in Paris did not believe that M. Mollet's remarks could in any way be interpreted as meaning that France should give a low priority in international discussions.

On the contrary, these observers said, German unity remained in the forefront of France's preoccupations, and France had no intention of acquiescing even tacitly in the present division of Germany.—Reuter.

EARL ATTLEE MADE A KG

London, Apr. 6.

The Queen today appointed Earl Attlee, former Socialist Prime Minister, to the Order of the Garter, one of Britain's most exalted orders.

Earl Attlee, recently raised to the Peerage, joins Britain's only other living former Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, as a Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.—United Press.

Beria Victim Freed In Poland

Vienna, Apr. 7.

Radio Warsaw announced tonight that the former First Secretary of the Polish Communist Party and Deputy Premier, Wladyslaw Gomulka, had been rehabilitated and set free.

The Radio said that Edward Oniad, the present First Secretary of the Party, had announced Gomulka's liberation, together with that of a number of other persons condemned in 1951 with him. Among these were a number of high officers who had also now been released from prison.

The release of Gomulka was said to be in connection with the decision of the 20th congress of the Soviet Union's Communist Party to rehabilitate all the victims of the Beria regime.—Reuter.

Rainier's Colourful Wedding Uniform

Monaco, Apr. 6.

Prince Rainier of Monaco today announced that he will wear sky blue trousers as his cathedral wedding here to Miss Grace Kelly, the Hollywood star, in two weeks' time. He advised his women 'rout' to wear bright clothes too—though men will wear formal morning dress.

The Prince's tailor, M. Bianchi Bella, has designed a special military uniform for him with a gold and black tunic, dark blue coat with red and blue piping and a hat in the Monegasque colours—red and white.

After the civil and religious ceremonies on April 18 and 19, Prince Rainier will wear the uniform of a Monegasque naval captain to get out with his bride on a month-long Mediterranean honeymoon in his 320-ton yacht Deo Juvante (With God's Help).

Kelly Complains

While Prince Rainier was issuing suggestions from his palace on what well-dressed wedding guests should order, his fiancée, two days out from New York on board the luxury liner Constitution, complained about the behaviour of newspapermen also sailing in the ship.

Miss Kelly's secretary, Miss Nadia Woods, said they had photographed the star while she was drying her golden hair after a swim in the first-class deck pool.

Mr Morgan Holdings, publicity agent for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, said: "Don't forget that Miss Kelly is going to become a princess. She must maintain her dignity. So please treat her with tact and good manners."—Reuter.

Protection Bill

New Delhi, Apr. 6.

A private member's bill to stop boys and girls becoming messes, nuns, yogis, fakirs or Hindu ascetics before they reach the age of 18 was introduced in the House of the People (lower house of parliament) here today.—Reuter.

CHOU REPEATS ACCUSATIONS AGAINST US

London, Apr. 6.

Communist China's Premier and Foreign Minister, Mr Chou En-lai, today accused America of being "still persistent in their efforts to create international tensions," the New China News Agency reported.

Mr Chou, who was speaking at a banquet tonight given in honour of Mr Anastas Mikoyan, Soviet First Deputy Premier, said "we can see such a situation in the Sino-American ambassadorial talks."

Mr Chou, though not directly mentioning America, said: "There are still in the world certain forces which are unwilling to see relaxation in the international situation."

Mr Chou said: "Three forces are still persistent in their efforts to create international tensions by among other things, interfering in the internal affairs of other countries and strengthening the aggressive military blocs."

"This shows that to further ease international tensions, to consolidate world peace, the peace-loving countries and people throughout the world still have to continue to strive unflinchingly with greater vigour and on a long term."

Before Mr Chou gave the warning "that there are still in the world certain forces which are unwilling to see the relaxation in the international situation," he said "recently the international situation has relaxed to a certain extent. This is something over which we should rejoice."

Mr Chou, who did not mention the recent Soviet Communist Party Congress de-

nunciation of the cult of the individual as practised by Stalin, said "the twentieth congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, further demonstrated that the peaceful foreign policy consistently pursued by the Soviet Union has opened up a broad road to the lofty cause of struggle for world peace."

Mr Chou said the "friendly visit of the Soviet government delegation to many Asian countries has further strengthened the economic co-operation between the Soviet Union and these countries."

He said Russia "is also helping China with still greater might; it is increasing the number of industrial enterprises it is helping China to build, as well as technical aid. This will facilitate the rapid development of the cause of socialism in our country."—Reuter.

B-47 Crashes

Ceresco, Nebraska, Apr. 6.

A US Air Force B-47 crashed near here today, killing all four men aboard.

The plane was from the Lincoln Air Force base. Some residents of the area saw the plane plummet to the ground and explode with a "blinding flash."

The B-47 took off on a routine flight about 11.40 a.m. and crashed about 13.40 a.m.

Ceresco is about 13 miles north of Lincoln, Nebraska.—United Press.

Duke Will Live Aboard Yacht

Melbourne, Apr. 6.

The Duke of Edinburgh will live aboard the Royal Yacht Britannia when he visits Australia for the Olympic Games in November and December. It was announced here tonight that the Duke of Edinburgh will arrive in Melbourne on November 22 from Darwin, Northern Australia. He will open the Olympic Games.—Reuter.

FAKIR FLOODED IN "GRAVE"

Rio de Janeiro, Apr. 6.

A Fakir, attempting to beat the world "buried alive" record had to be dug out of his "grave" in a main square of Porto Alegre, south Brazil, today as severe floods threatened the area.

Water had begun to seep into his temporary coffin, in which he had already spent the past eight days. His condition was said to be serious.

The level of the Taquari river was meanwhile rising at the rate of three feet an hour, following the most severe storm to hit the region in 15 years.

More than 500 persons have been evacuated from their homes in riverine areas, upstream from Porto Alegre, in face of the threat of flooding.—France-Press.

Have you got
the TWINS
in your tank?



Are you enjoying the twin benefits of High Octane and Ignition Control Additive?

Ignition Control Additive gets the very best out of High Octane and the utmost out of your engine.

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ICA
Ignition Control Additive
It's the most powerful gasoline you can buy

...only Shell has both

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✓ Choice of luxury or tourist class
✓ A.L.I.'s personal service
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BANGKOK • CALCUTTA • BEIRUT
DELHI • KARACHI • BURIR

AIR-INDIA International

BACARDI
Carta Blanca
RUM



"BACARDI COCKTAIL"
1 measure Bacardi Rum
Juice of 1/2 lime (or lemon)
2 dashes Grenadine Syrup
Shake well with cracked ice and strain.

Imported by
CALDERON, MACGREGOR & CO., LTD.
2 Queen's Road, Hong Kong

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



ADDED: Latest Paramount News:
Academy Award Presentations

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

King's at 11.30 a.m.
Martin & Lewis in
"AT WAR WITH THE
ARMY"

Princess at 11.00 a.m.
Disney Techni. Cartoon
"SNOW WHITE & THE
SEVEN DWARFS"

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW at 12.10 p.m.

G. P. Sippy presents a super Indian Production

"SHAHENSHAH"

Starring Kamini Kaushal — Ranjan
K. N. Singh — Agha

Directed by Amiya Chatterjee — Music by S. D. Burmali
with English Subtitles — At Regular Prices

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

Causeway Bay, Tel. 28721 Kowloon, Tel. 53500

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Hepburn as you've never seen her!
Venice as you've never seen it!

She came to Venice a Tourist...

She went home
a Woman!



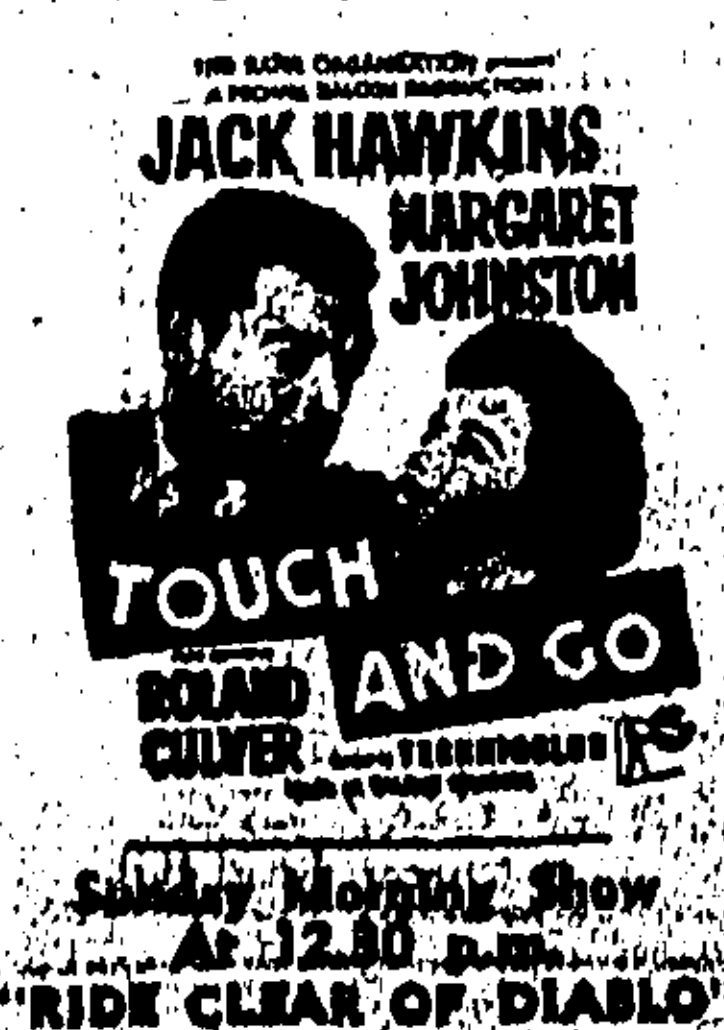
Produced by ILVA LORETT — Directed by DAVID LEAN
Screenplay by DAVID LEAN and H. E. BATES
DISTRIBUTED BY INDEPENDENT FILM DISTRIBUTORS

ADDED ATTRACTION AT NEW YORK THEATRE
THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPCHASE OF 1956!
British-Gaumont News

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.
NEW YORK: Warner Bros. Colour Cartoons
GREAT WORLD: "PINOCCHIO"

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

This is a bumper week for cinema goers. What-over your taste there is a first-run picture showing that is a worthy representative of its class, be it romantic drama, cynical fun, a glossy musical, a picture with a social message or a romance with a touch of sadness.

The two new ones are "The Trouble With Harry" and "Summer Madness".

Obstinate Harry

"The Trouble With Harry" is that although he's dead, he won't lie down — or rather, he's not allowed to.

This is a cynically funny comedy made by Alfred Hitchcock about four delightful people who have trouble with a body.

The body is that of one Harry Warr, a character who, it transpires, was an obnoxious creature when in the land of the living and is just as much of a nuisance now that, it seems, he has been helped out of it.

Vermont in autumn is the scene of the crime and it is worth going to see "The Trouble With Harry" for the colour photography alone.

The beautiful autumn tints have been cleverly used to convey the mellow, lazy end-of-summer warmth that induces people to spend most of the time out of doors.

It's a mildly crazy season when voices carry far in the still air and eccentric behaviour seems natural.

Suddenly, disturbing this picture of peace, a body is found.

Four of the locals have had a reason for killing Harry and two of them are sure they are responsible for his inconvenient death.

Edmund Gwenn has conferred upon himself the reputation of being a living quietly in the little community, potting rabbits for pleasure and receiving sidelong glances from the local spinster.

He is convinced, when the son of a young widow announces the finding of a body in the woods, that he must have shot him by accident.

SECRET BURIAL

The spinster herself (played by Mildred Natwick, the witch in Danny Kaye's "The Court Jester") believes she is implicated, as does the attractive young widow. The suspect is a charmingly self-absorbed artist — John Forsythe.

Having tried, in the beginning, to keep their imagined secrets to themselves, these four are irresistibly drawn together and as each tries to protect the other, Harry is secretly buried, dug up, reburied and hidden in a cupboard while his ultimate disposal is heatedly debated by the conspirators.

Shirley MacLaine is the newcomer to the screen whose offbeat charm won the hearts of tough New Yorkers when she substituted for the star in "The Pajama Game". She is of the Audrey Hepburn-Leslie Caron type, but possesses a style all her own and provided she always gives unusual roles, such as she has in "The Trouble With Harry" she will find a permanent niche in the screen world.

John Forsythe also came to films from the stage, but his previous routine parts have not given him a chance to show his capabilities. This time he is



Jane Russell and Cornell Wilde as gypsies in "Hot Blood".

given far more scope and as a pleasantly eccentric artist who has to supply the common sense when his three friends look like getting themselves into trouble with the law, he performs with ease and charm. A very likable person.

Edmund Gwenn has played countless villains and lovable old gentlemen in his time. He has become well known for his facial expressions—one set for each type—and in "The Trouble With Harry" the latter set are employed to advantage, though there's a hint of his "Sweeney Todd" role about them.

This is an unusual Hitchcock picture and well worth a visit.

Hepburn Again

"Summer Madness" is an aptly chosen label for the contents of the package to which it is tied.

The subject could not be called a deep one, but the picture accurately describes a sequence of events that while of trivial importance even in the lives of the persons to whom they occur are nevertheless very moving and heart-rending at the time.

Portrait Of A Pioneer



Mr Goldwyn

Sam Goldwyn Visiting Hongkong

Tomorrow there arrives in the colony, in connection with the showing of his picture "Guys and Dolls" an internationally well-known figure in the film industry—Mr Samuel Goldwyn.

During his long and distinguished career, Mr Goldwyn has received just about every film industry honour possible.

His pictures have been named in every election since the beginning of the Academy Awards.

Twenty-seven of them have won "Oscars" in one category or another and he won the coveted gold statuette himself in 1947 for his production of "The Best Years of our Lives".

That same year, he was awarded the Academy's "Thelma Award" for "consistently high standards of production".

Writing is a subject dear to Mr Goldwyn's heart. He has always believed that the story is the foundation upon

which outstanding screen-plays are built and he never hesitates to buy the best.

His production, "Guys and Dolls" is a case in point. His purchase price for the screen rights — \$1,000,000 — set a Hollywood record for story prices. He had to wait for months before he could assemble the cast he wanted.

The project, budgeted at \$5,500,000 is the most costly and ambitious he has ever made. Starring Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra and Vivian Blaine and written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, "Guys and Dolls" is being released by MGM at the Majestic and Liberty cinemas next week and will have a Gala Premiere on Wednesday.

It does not depend for its wider atmosphere on the use of extraneous characters and over-long contemplation of the Venetian background, but rather on a subtly conveyed idea of the difference in environment and outlook of the two principal characters.

Without going into their lives before their meeting, we still catch the scent of their two widely separated worlds.

By the behaviour of these two people we can see the two different ways of life from which they have been drawn, and this gives the picture the depth that a mere photographed play would have lacked.

Now-Naturama!

To the ever-growing list of "Scopes" and "Amas" a new name has been added: that of "Naturama". It is a new process adopted by Republic Pictures and has been developed to bring into clearer vision the distant background detail of Herbert Yates' pictures.

I saw some shots from two new films being made in the process, "Maverick Queen," starring Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan, and "Lisbon" in which Ray Milland and Maureen O'Hara engage in a battle of wits against a background of political intrigue and—Lisbon.

Both the lovely scenery in the western and the dignified buildings of the Portuguese capital were brought more sharply into focus by Naturama and it is to be hoped that Republic will match the improved camera technique with worthwhile stories.

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Little Women": Romance June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Margaret O'Brien.

KING's and PRINCESS: "The Trouble With Harry": Ghoulish comedy. John Forsythe, Edmund Gwenn, Shirley MacLaine, Mildred Natwick.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Summer Madness": Bitter-sweet romance. Katherine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi.

QUEEN's and ALHAMBRA: "Rebel Without A Cause": Juvenile delinquency. James Dean.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Oasis": North African gold smuggling. Michele Morgan, Cornell Borchers and Pierre Brasseur.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Guys and Dolls": Excellent musical. Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine.

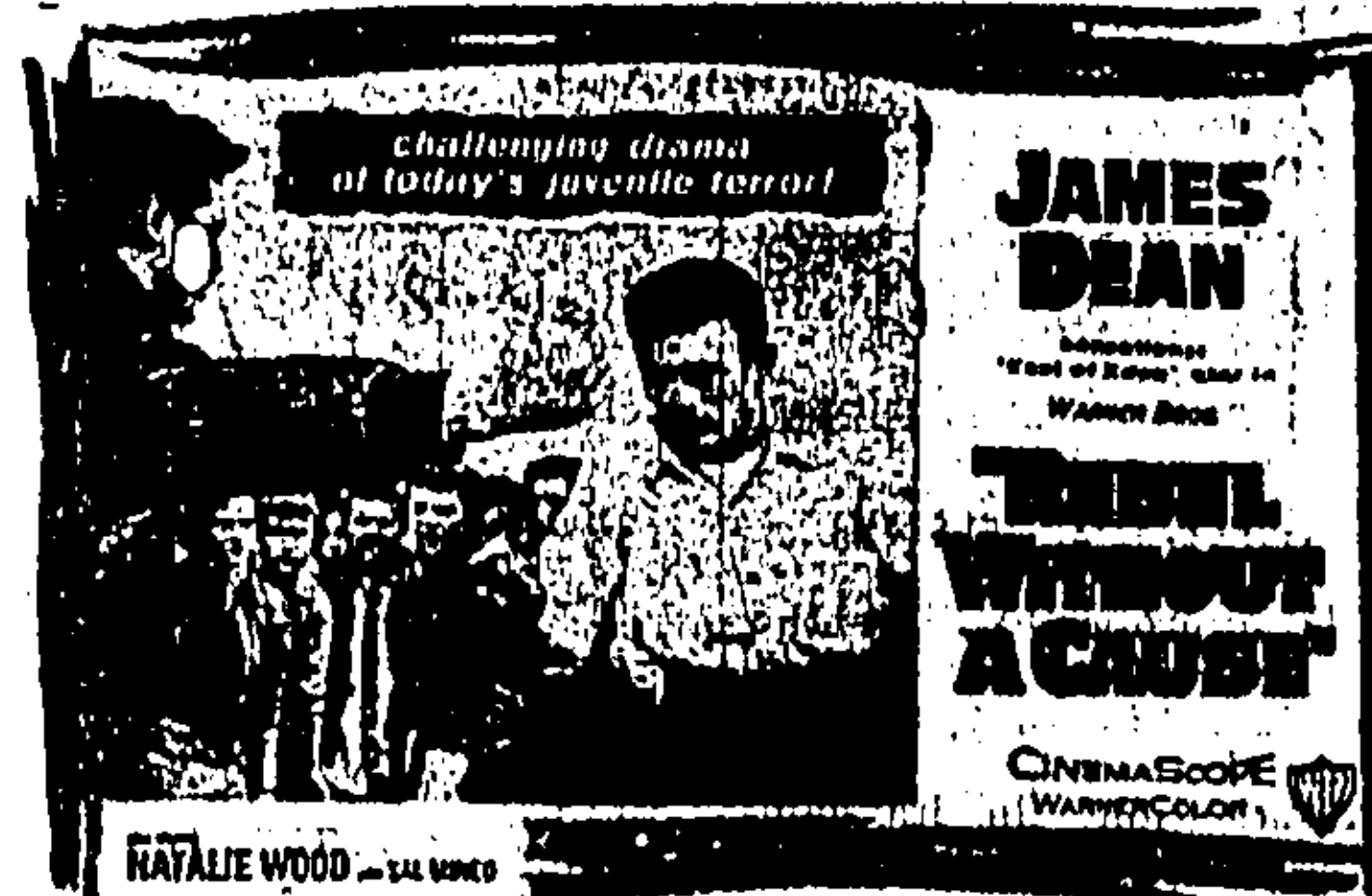
KING's and PRINCESS: "Lucy Gallant": Life of a fashion-house owner. Jane Wyman, Charlton Heston.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Ladykillers": Thriller with humour. Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.

QUEEN's and ALHAMBRA: "Hot Blood": Love among the gypsies. Cornell Wilde and Jane Russell.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

2ND SMASH WEEK



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS
"Rebel Without A Cause"
AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA
At 11.30 a.m. Only
Norman Wisdom in
"MAN OF THE
MOMENT"
Reduced Prices!

HOOVER LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60140, 60240

OPENS TO-DAY 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 and 9.40 p.m.



SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

Hoover at 12.00
"JULIUS CAESAR"
Marlon Brando
Greer Garson

Liberty at 12.30
"THE GREAT WALTZ"
Louis Rainer
Fernand Graver

ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

OASIS Brings You the Mysterious and Exotic Africa!



A 20th Century-Fox Release

ADDED ATTRACTION: CinemaScope Short Subject
"GODS OF THE ROAD" Color by De Luxe

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon
Silvana MANGANO
Victoria GASSMAN
in
"A N N A"
A 20th Century-Fox Release

BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m.
Walt Disney's
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
PROGRAMME
Presented by
RKO Radio

— Reduced Admission —
ROXY: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c. BROADWAY: \$1.20 & 70c.



SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

4-Track, Hi-Fi Directional Stereophonic Sound!

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"The Rain of Ranchipur"

See "The Rain of Ranchipur" in "SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS"

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.

— Reduced Prices —
Jane Wyman in
"MAGNIFICENT
OBSESSION"
Color by Technicolor

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

From: London

An expert criticises American parents.

Vienne

Princess WILL marry driving instructor.

Melbourne

A boy kills an 8-foot octopus.

The RIGHT And The WRONG Way To Raise Children

AN EXPERT TELLS PARENTS

London. Sir Basil Henriques believes American mothers should trust their own natural instincts in the raising of children and pay less attention to books filled with "undigested psychology."

55,000 HAVE READ IT

Baroness (Age: 4) Arrives With Her Life Story

London. The Baroness Ludmilla von Fuiz-Poln swept across the main concourse at London Airport last week in Tyrolean cap, feathered bonnet, mountain shoes. The lot. And, of course, the teddy bear. Even baronesses prefer teddy bears to the princes and counts and grand dukes that positively swarm round the older baronesses.



Ludmilla The Proud.

Ludmilla is the only four-year-old baroness to arrive in London with the first instalment of her life story actually written.

Clutched beneath her arm was "Little Ludmilla," Paul Gallico's story of Ludmilla and her pet cow.

'The Cow And Me'

On the plane trip Ludmilla had read extracts to her grandmother, Lady Noel Curtis-Bennett.

Now and then she had explained politely to the plane's stewards that the picture on the front was "me and Luzerner Champion," the pet cow.

Said Ludmilla proudly in German: "Daddy look it. Daddy, the Baron von Fuiz-Poln, married Lady Curtis-Bennett's daughter, Virginia five years ago."

Now he runs three tourist agencies in the 60-square-mile Principality of Lichtenstein and sells tours and mementoes. Said Lady Curtis-Bennett: "Ludmilla really is the sweetest little child, but she still speaks mostly German. Very confusing, of course, because I don't."

Mr Gallico is a friend of the family and decided to write a book about Ludmilla. She is very, very proud of it."

Stefanie Says

'I Will Wed'

Vienne. Princess Stefanie Windloch, 22-year-old great-granddaughter of Emperor Francis Joseph, has announced that she will marry 30-year-old Josef Christoforetti, driving instructor and owner of a St Wolfgang tourist agency to the Alpine region. Her family is opposed to the marriage.

The blonde Princess met Josef when he taught her to drive in the autumn of 1954. Soon the whole village was aware of their romance.

Every day Josef's two huge wolfhounds Juno and Jello carried a bunch of flowers from the tourist agency to the Windloch family castle outside the village.

Said Josef: "I am sorry my fiancée's family oppose our marriage, but we are living in modern times. Besides, mine is quite an old family too. One of my ancestors was a general in Napoleon's time."

BOY KILLS 8-FT OCTOPUS

Melbourne.

An eleven-year-old Melbourne boy, recently killed single-handed an eight-foot octopus that had been terrorising bathers at the seaside resort of Frankston.

The octopus pursued a teenage girl from about 30 yards out almost to the beach itself. "It looked like a big brown leechy cone coming towards me very fast," she said.

While other people, adults and children, ran from the water the boy, Ian Rchnsch, swam out with a four-foot fish spear and plunged it between the creature's eyes.

"I'd read about them," he said, "so I knew how to kill it."

China Mail Special.

Bats In The Lime Tree

Copenhagen.

A total of 269 bats weighing about 3½ lbs. were found in a hollow in an old lime tree which was blown down recently in the grounds of Holstenborg Castle, South Zealand.

China Mail Special.

TO-NIGHT at 8.30 p.m.

LEE WING WAH (Shanghai Opera)

"LIANG SHAN-PO & CHU YING-TAI" (白雲飛渡與伯山果)

Admission: \$1, \$2.40, \$3.50, \$4.70 & \$6.

"And maybe they will begin to control the simply frightening juvenile delinquency problem in the United States," he added.

A large and amiable man, Sir Basil is one of Britain's leading authorities on the subject. He has just returned from a tour that took him as far south as Miami, west to Salt Lake City and north into New England.

STAGGERING

"I saw juvenile delinquency much worse than anything I have ever seen in Britain," he said. "It is a staggering problem, but I do not think it is hopeless and I reject the excuses one hears for this state of affairs. Well, we have many races you know" and so on.

Sir Basil pointed out that juvenile delinquency figures have been falling steadily here and are almost back to pre-war levels.

"We still have many serious cases of course," he said, "but nothing like what I saw in the United States. Gangs of boys 12 and 13 using knives and guns, stabbing and shooting."

What's wrong with American children?

TOO MUCH FREEDOM

"Partly this belief of their mothers that they must not repress their children," he said. "They get their own way much more than is good for them. There must be a framework of discipline and children must learn they cannot trespass it with impunity either at home or in school."

Sir Basil also is opposed to juvenile police bureaux.

"Over here any child over the age of seven or eight who commits an indictable offence comes before the court, the same as an adult. He learns that he is old enough to be held responsible for his actions. He learns, more importantly, that he cannot evade things."

One of the new villains of the American situation is television, according to Sir Basil. He said there was too much of it, that it kept children from reading and studying and set the impressionable ones too many bad examples in the crime programmes.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"So you're running for senator, eh? Now aren't you glad I kept you after school when you were going to flunk in algebra?"

RENEE'S RETURN



Renee Martz

His Glass (Like His Title) Was Genuine

New York. An English lord arrived in New York recently to introduce his hand-painted glass to American women and found himself defending his title, not his product.

"It isn't any fun in business to run into a situation where you are thought to be a phoney," said, sandy-haired Lord Audley said in a hurt voice.

Lord Audley, 43, a member of the House of Lords and an Oxford graduate, is having an easier time with his glass.

He discovered a French family five years ago who had kept alive a delicate glass-painting technique that went back to Madame Pompadour's day.

Lord Audley went into business with the French family, training a dozen skilled painters to work in London. The delicate designs are done on clear glass in all white and in colours.

"I have done special designs for famous people such as Sir Winston Churchill," Lord Audley said. "These would be quite expensive, but the regular goblets sell for about \$80 a dozen."—United Press.

IN BILLY GRAHAM'S FOOTSTEPS

London.

An attractive young girl from Chicago arrived in London last week. Her aim: to evangelise the British.

Her age: 15.

Pretty Renee Martz doesn't think she's too young for the task. Last time she tried it she was only ten.

That was in 1950. Then she wore a cowgirl outfit and carried a doll. Last week's arrival was a slim miss in a white sweater, a skirt of swirling scarlet, and just a hint of lipstick.

Her conversion

When the ten-year-old evangelist left in 1950 her parting words were widely reported as: "Your country is still the most pagan I know."

Now the teen-age preacher claimed: "I never said that. I was misquoted."

She doesn't smoke, drink, gamble, or go dancing. "But I'm not here to tell people to stop."

or 'don't do that' I'm just here to preach."

Miss Martz has been doing that most of her life. "I was converted when I was four," she said. "At four and a half I had a vision when I was playing on a sidewalk in Los Angeles."

The vision, a red cross in the sky, was accompanied by a voice which said: "Renee, I just want you to go preach the Gospel."

Since then she has preached in 37 countries, circled the earth twice, and can sing hymns in 17 languages.

She arrived on a tourist-class plane accompanied by her father, ex-jazz pianist Jack Martz, mother Esther, and her teacher, Miss Ruby James.

Her 'dates'

"Dad brought his trombone," said the young evangelist. "He plays it during the singing. Mom got rid of her saxophone way back."

Renee "dates" boy friends—usually we go to church—and likes to go out to eat.

What good does she hope to do here? "Well people everywhere are restless and unhappy. England needs God very much. Billy Graham came here to help. I hope to help just a bit more."

Teddy-boys she sees as "young men looking for a thrill they don't find at home or in church—so they slug people or rob stores. I believe when you all copy God they'll give you all the thrill and excitement you want. Hence, will be in England for three months."

—United Press.

New Bible Proves Successful

Washington. The translators who laboured 16 years to produce the new revised standard version of the Bible had scientific proof that their work was worthwhile.

The new version is—as they hoped—easier to read and understand than the old King James' version.

The greater "readability" of the revised standard version was clearly established by a test of 1,538 high school students in the U.S.

Half of the students read selected passages from the revised edition. The other half read the same passages in the King James' version. Then both groups were asked an identical series of 30 questions designed to test their understanding of what they had read.

The results were announced by the National Council of Churches, which sponsored the publication of the revised standard version.

Quicker Answers

The students who read the new translation answered the questions more quickly, and generally showed a better understanding of the meaning of the biblical passages.

The Rev. Dr. Frank Montgomery, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church, St. Clairsville, Ohio, conducted the study with the help of educators and prominent biblical scholars. He described it as the first "objective" effort to settle the question of which version of the Bible should be used in Sunday school and for other Christian education purposes.

The revised standard version is already being used exclusively in the Sunday school of 10 major Protestant denominations with a total membership of about 15,000,000 people. But many other denominations are still using the King James' Version.

Dr. Montgomery said that while his tests demonstrated the overall greater clarity of the new translation, they also showed that some of the passages were not "readily understood" by high school students in either version.

—United Press.

'Poker Needs Skill'

Johannesburg. Acquitting 19 men on charges of keeping and frequenting a gambling house, a Johannesburg magistrate ruled that poker is a game of skill, not of chance.—China Mail Special.

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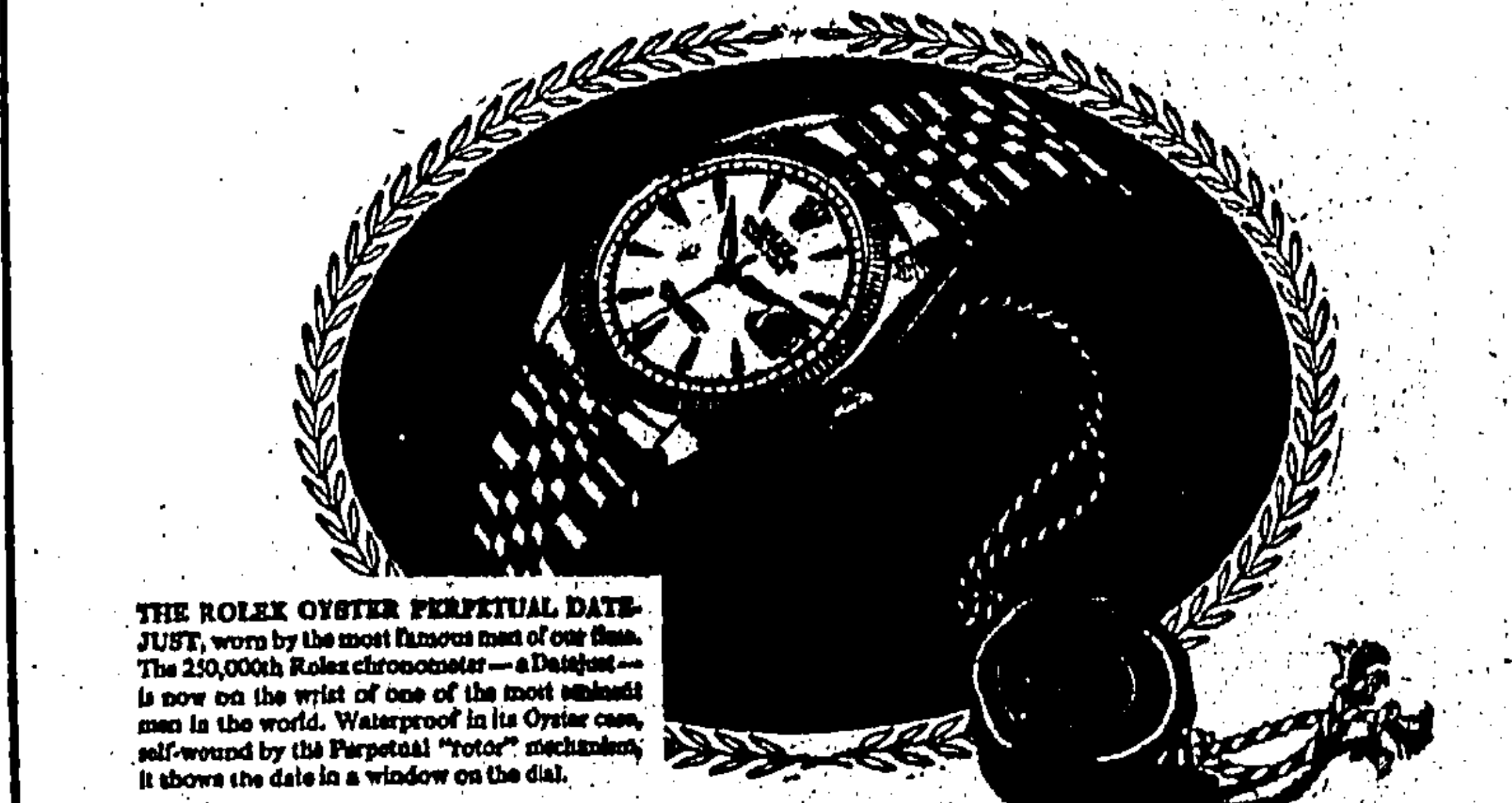
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Facts & Figures —

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Year after year, Rolex have produced more Officially Certified Chronometers than any other manufacturer. Altogether, Rolex have obtained Three out of Four of all Official Timing Certificates ever awarded to Wrist-Watches.



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



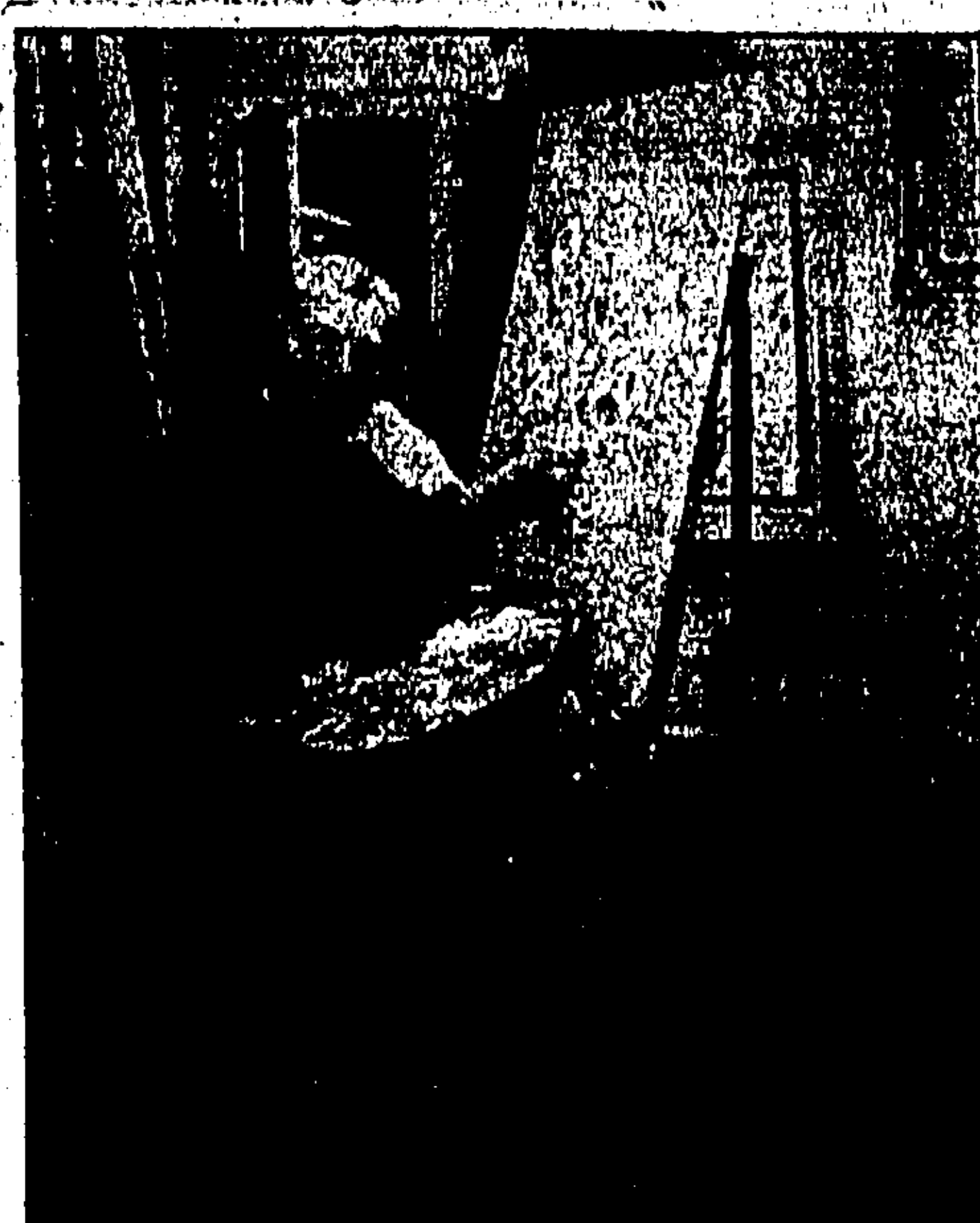
WITH Prince Charles following immediately behind, Princess Anne leaves the tiny village church at Thorpe Lubenham, Leicestershire, where they attended Sunday morning service with their parents, Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The Royal Family walked to the church with their hosts for the week-end, Lt-Col and Mrs Harold Phillips. (Express)



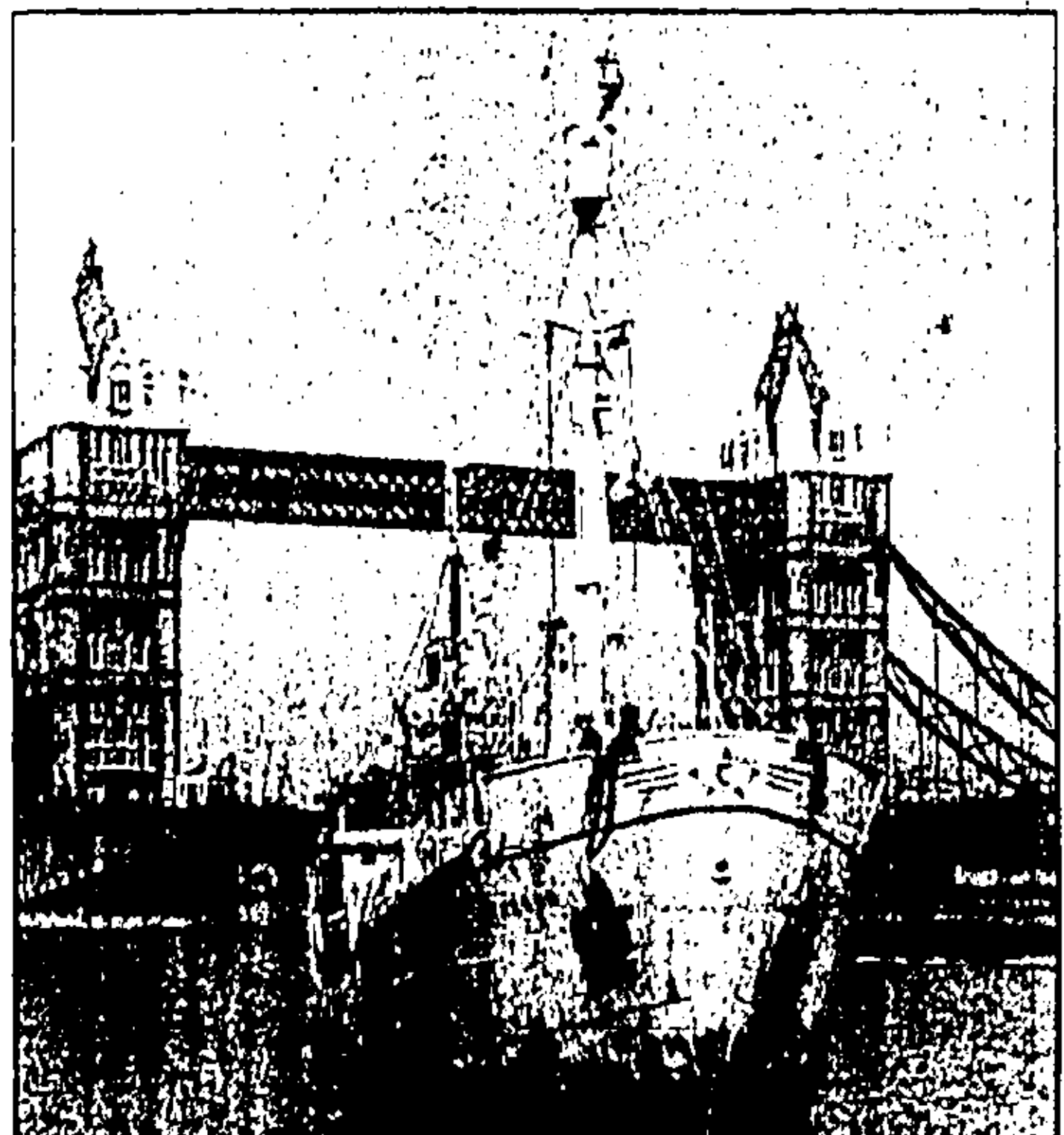
PREMIER ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn in the Dior-designed kimono costume which she used in the new, three-minute ballet, "Entrée Japonaise," which has just had its first presentation in London. Music for the ballet is taken from Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." (Express)



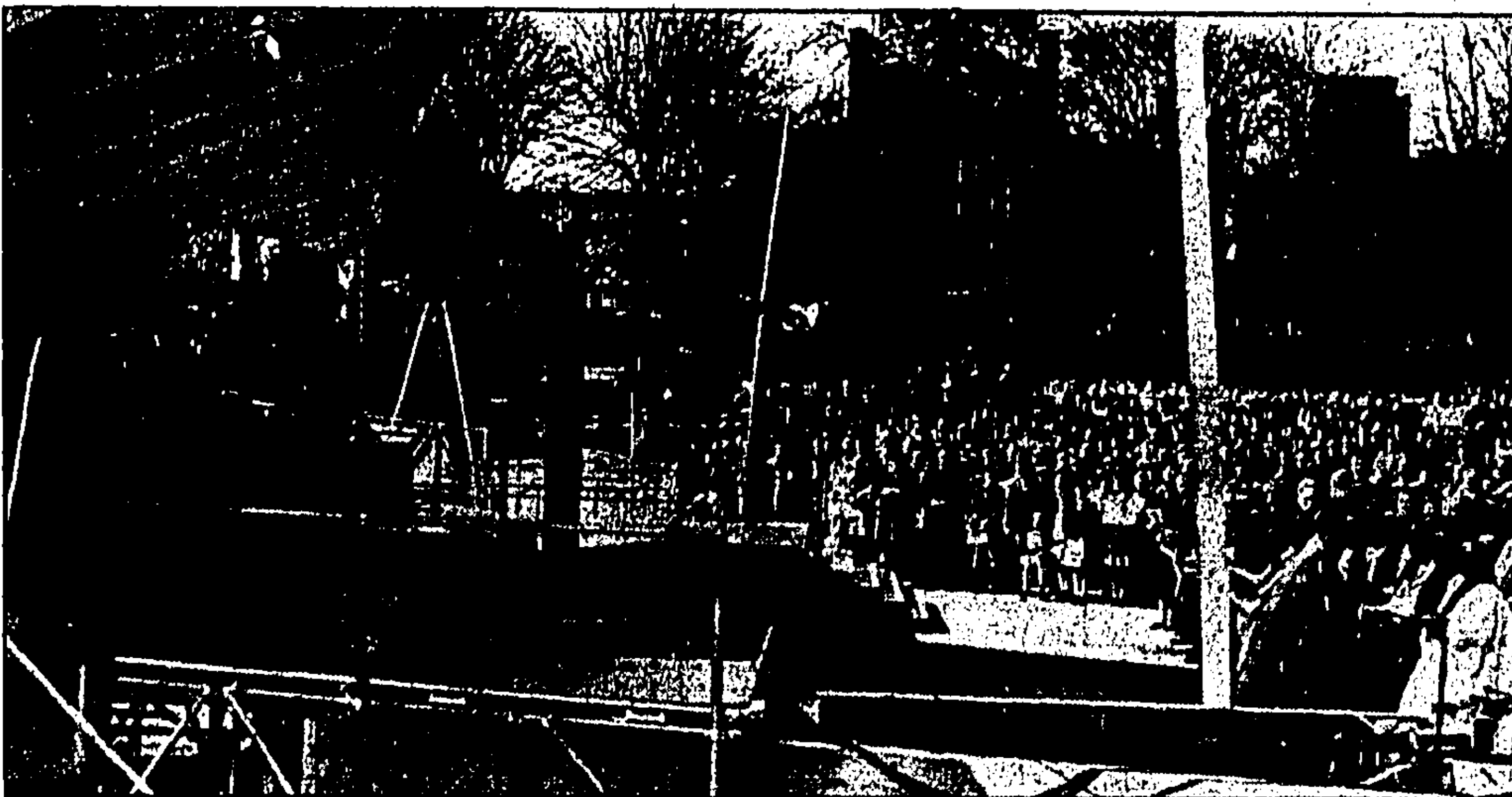
ON the eve of their wedding in London are Prince Vsevolode Romanoff, cousin of the last Czar of Russia, and Hungarian-born Countess Emilie Berchtold. The Prince is 42, his bride 41. He was five when his father, Prince Yohan Constantinovitch, was assassinated in the Russian Revolution. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. (Express)



AN Italian countess, once married to a British officer, is pictured here demonstrating how she paints in her £1 a week Pimlico (London) bed-sitting room, using her thumbs instead of brushes. Countess Anna Caroline Monici paints with her thumbs because she maintains she cannot afford brushes. She is hopeful of having two flower studies shown at the Royal Academy this year. (Express)



THERON, the 849-ton ship which carried the advance party of the British Trans-Antarctic Expedition to its destination, has returned to England with the expedition's leader, Dr Vivian Fuchs. He will return to Antarctica later this year. Theron is shown passing London's Tower Bridge. (Express)



ON the spot where 15 years ago the Bishop of Coventry vowed that a new building would arise from the bombed, smoking rubble of the old, the Queen last week laid the foundation stone of the new £1,000,000 Coventry Cathedral. Present was a deputation from Germany led by Lutheran Pastor Adolph Kurtz, who said: "I see here the fulfillment of friendship between Christians in Britain and Germany. Christians everywhere are never the enemies of each other." (Express)



MALE dancers Jimmy Lamb and Lyndon Barnshaw are seen against a line-up of some of the Windmill Theatre lovelies featured in the latest edition of non-stop Revueville. (Central)

LADY TEMPLER, wife of the former High Commissioner for Malaya, bids farewell to Mr Walter Gordon (right), who is to take up an appointment as surgeon at the Lady Templer Tuberculosis Hospital in Kuala Lumpur. (Express)



FORMER Soviet Premier Georgi Malenkov, now visiting Britain at the head of a delegation of Russian power station engineers, shown in holiday mood at Blackpool. Mrs Lily Dawson gave Malenkov a stick of rock, and he said: "I will give it to my 10-year-old grandson Peter." (Express)



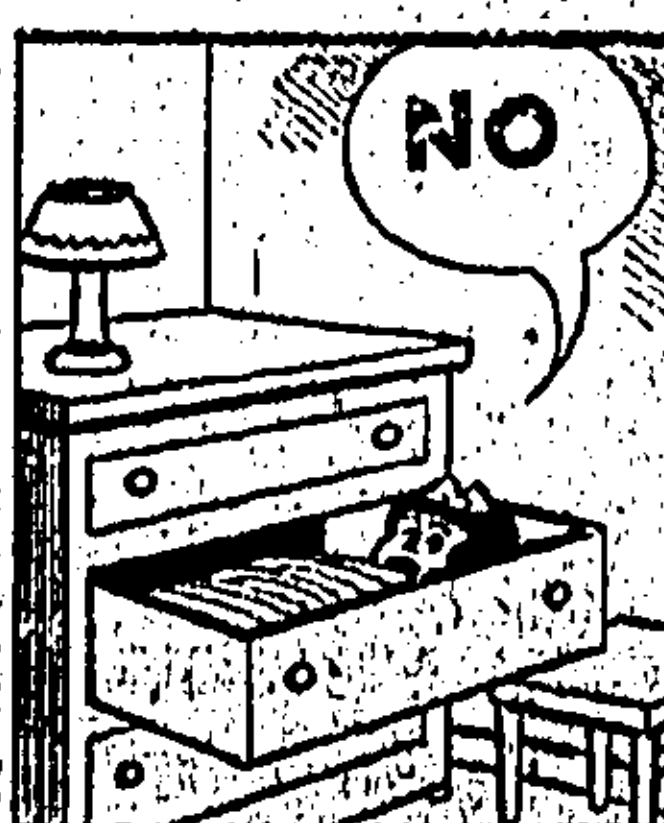
THESE two Canadian girls — Miss Mary Sandilands from Truro, Nova Scotia, and Miss Nancy Byers from Toronto — are typing their way around Europe. They are shown sightseeing in London. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernle Bushmiller



ROWNTREES



WORLD'S GREATEST TB DRIVE

By HERBERT CATTO

AN intensive two-year campaign against tuberculosis, planned on a bigger scale than ever attempted before in the world, will be launched in Scotland in March of next year.

Focal point of the attack will be Glasgow, where the disease is more prevalent than in any industrial centre in the United Kingdom.

This will be immediately followed by a series of smaller but still spectacular X-ray surveys in Edinburgh, the capital, in Aberdeen, in Dundee, and in the industrial belt of Scotland.

Target for the two-year period for Scotland is at least one million people throughout the country—in rural as well as urban districts—to pass through the mass X-ray centres.

For five weeks, 30 complete X-ray units will concentrate on all areas of the city of Glasgow. By the end of the five weeks it is hoped that at least 250,000 of Glasgow's citizens will have submitted themselves to this chest-photography.

IMMENSE SCALE

The immense scale of the drive can be judged by the comparison that in the ten years from 1945 to the end of 1954 the total number of Scots who submitted themselves for mass X-ray examination was between 600,000 and 700,000.

Eye-catching slogan of the new drive will be the urgent medical advice, "Earlier discovery means quicker recovery."

To break down prejudices against mass examination and to encourage people to visit the X-ray centres, a nation-wide newspaper advertising campaign will be directed to getting people to consult their doctors if they have symptoms or think they have tuberculosis.

Scotland's TB incidence has slightly improved in the post-war years, but with the toll from disease still higher than in most other countries of Europe, Scotland's Secretary of State, Mr. James Stuart, has called upon the medical officers of health throughout the country to organise a full-scale blitz.

The position is unsatisfactory in the number of new cases reported. Today the average in Scotland is about 18 new victims daily.

DEATH RATE

In Europe, Scotland figures badly when the death rate per hundred-thousand of population is compared with that of other countries. Scotland comes 11th in the list with a rate of 12.1 compared with the low of 7.1 in the Netherlands, the country most free from the scourge. England and Wales (combined) occupy seventh position with rate of 10.7.

Although Glasgow is the worst black spot of Scotland, Dr. Kenneth Cowan, chief medical officer of the Scottish Department of Health, says that no scientific investigation has yet tracked down the root cause of the high incidence in the city to the bad housing conditions in some parts of it, particularly in slum areas.

Victims of tuberculosis can be found everywhere, even in the most remote and isolated areas of any country. Congested living conditions, on the other hand, can help the disease to spread.

But one of the main aims of the new campaign in Scotland will be to search out and find the source of the malady.

UNDETECTED CASES

What it is felt has failed in Scotland in past efforts to combat the disease is the finding of all undetected cases, so that infection can be stopped from spreading at the very source. Says Scotland's Secretary of State: "The nearer we can get to the 100 percent success in finding the undetected cases, the nearer we shall get to the abolition of tuberculosis in our country."

It is on this ambitious basis that the new plan to fight TB is being developed.

(Copyright)

POCKET CARTOON

by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Dear Sir, when you first said that I could not have a cigarette, I was very disappointed. But now I see that you were right. I am a very healthy man and I do not need a cigarette. I am a very healthy man and I do not need a cigarette. I am a very healthy man and I do not need a cigarette."



"Malik, Malenkou, Serou, Krushchev, Bulganin—if them Russians was to declare war today there'd be half of 'em over here already."

London Express Service

JEAN MACGREGOR HIND TELLS ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

THE GENERAL'S LADY

THE arrival of the passenger boat from Buenos Aires has always been the signal for everyone in Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, to gather on the quay to stare at the new arrivals.

One morning in 1854 there was more than usual excitement—people actually hurried to the riverside and in Paraguay (then as now) hurrying was a rare phenomenon. But the packet-boat was being escorted by the Paraguayan warship Tacuary, and the astonishing news had spread that General Francisco Solano Lopez, eldest son and heir-apparent of Paraguay's Dictator, Carlos Antonio Lopez, had returned from Europe, bringing with him a foreign woman who had eyes as blue as the sky and hair the colour of the sun.

And there she was, in a crinoline gown of pale violet silk, cut so low as to shock the modest Guarani (Paraguayan Indian) women in their white skirts and black shawls. She opened an absurd tiny parasol, swayed down the gangplank and stepped on to the red Paraguayan soil—Ella Alice Lynch, the Irish girl who dreamed of becoming Empress of South America.

Headstrong

She had always been headstrong, and in her early teens had married a French doctor merely to escape from family supervision and to get to the sparkling Paris of the Second French Empire.

She soon jettisoned the unfortunate doctor and after touring Europe as the mistress of a Czarist general and captivating one of Napoleon III's marshals she could consider herself, at the age of 19 to be one of Paris's most successful courtesans.

Young Francisco Solano Lopez, a dark-complexioned mulatto with a heavily negroid mouth, was far from good looking, but Ella Lynch saw in him ability, ambition and unscrupulous cunning to equal her own. He had been sent to Europe by his father to re-establish the foreign relations interrupted by the last revolution and he, had a primitive strength and passion which genuinely fascinated the beautiful Irish girl.

Moreover, she was short of money, and as she listened to his tales of the abso-



She brought Paris to the steaming jungles of Paraguay... She went to war in a carriage... She vied, in cruelty, with the monster who was her husband

lute, unquestioned power wielded by his father, and of his own plans to increase that power when he himself ruled, it seemed to her that here was a way of solving not only her short-term financial difficulties but also her long-term future.

Irresistible

Young Lopez, of course, found the white-skinned beauty with the red-gold hair quite irresistible; he fell violently in love with her and, because her spirit and her intelligence matched her beauty, he remained enslaved by her (though not by her exclusively) until his violent death 17 years later. When Ella travelled to South America with him there is no doubt that she expected Lopez eventually to marry her. That he never did was probably due to the hostility of his parents, who mistrusted this flamboyant foreign importation.

The lovely Ella often fretted at the heat and monotony of her new life, but she was determined to make the best of her surroundings. She equipped her rambling one-storey villa with Louis XV furniture and every afternoon at five she served tea in Sevres china cups.

She wrote copious letters to her Paris dressmakers, demanding the latest fashion plates, and native laundresses tolled night and day to keep her crinolines crisp and spotless. Even in the dripping tropical heat of the Paraguayan summer she wore her light-leaved corsets and layer upon layer of flounced petticoats, and she drove through the dusty, rutted streets in the same dazzling victoria that had carried her through the cool glades of the Bois de Boulogne.

Gold and Jewels

Three years later the deliberate sinking of a Brazilian gunboat opened what became known as the War of the Triple Alliance, a conflict scarcely remembered today in Europe, but one which has never been surpassed in bloodshed and ferocity.

For six years little Paraguay fought great Brazil, which was joined by Uruguay and Argentina when their own security seemed to be threatened by Lopez's early victories. Ella found the war a perfect opportunity to further her own aims. She went from house to house, demanding gold, jewels and jewellery to finance the

war, but the choicest pieces found their way into Madame Lynch's private store.

Anyone who refused her demands found himself labelled traitor, imprisoned and possibly sentenced to several hundred lashes with rawhide.

Any person, man or woman, who breathed a word of criticism or despair was seized for treason and flung into a concentration camp in the jungle. Torture was freely applied, the most common being the Cedo Uruguay Victims had muskets piled on to them until they confessed anything Lopez's lieutenants suggested to them. Many victims died under the weight of the muskets.

From beneath Ella's fastidious exterior emerged a strain of pure sadism. She had the Cedo Uruguay applied to women whom she suspected of withholding their jewellery or whom she happened to dislike. But in time Lopez's fine army had been reduced by bottle losses, floggings, torture and disease to a rabble of shadows, and in 1869 it became necessary to evacuate Asuncion. At the head of the barefoot remnant who were urged on by whistling furies, rode Madame Lynch, her red-gold curls unfastened, gown, as always, in the latest Paris fashion. With her in the carriage rode her children by Lopez, who by now numbered four.

In the dense forests of the far north of Paraguay the Brazilians surrounded them, and even Lopez and Ella knew it was the end. Lopez was desperate, hardly able to speak, he embraced her, wheeled his horse and galloped away. Panchito, their firstborn, old enough at 16 to be a fighter, followed him, but an enemy lancer ran down the boy. Lopez was knifed by a Brazilian corporal while fording the Aquidaban River.

Astounded

That ended the fighting, and the Brazilian commander rode into the Paraguayan camp. He was astounded to encounter a lady groomed in unrumpled white muslin, grasping a lace parasol. They brought Ella to where lay in jungle filth the bodies of Lopez and their son. His mother and sister were there, but they merely spat on the ground to show their loathing of the dead tyrant. And the terror he had spread when he lived remained with his soldiers now he was dead. So it was Ella herself who asked for a spade and, with her own hands, alone and unaided, dug a grave for her lover and her son. It was February, 1870.

The war cost Paraguay 100,000 lives, almost the entire male population, and ruined the country. To those who were left, the foreign woman was to blame for it all, and she was forbidden to ever set foot again on Paraguayan soil.

She wandered back to Europe, but the old Parisian life she knew was gone for ever and soon, her money exhausted, the passionate, brilliant Ella Lynch disappeared.

Some 50 years ago Buenos Aires newspaper reported the death of "Ella Alice Lynch, once the queen of Paraguay, in dire poverty in a Paris slum."

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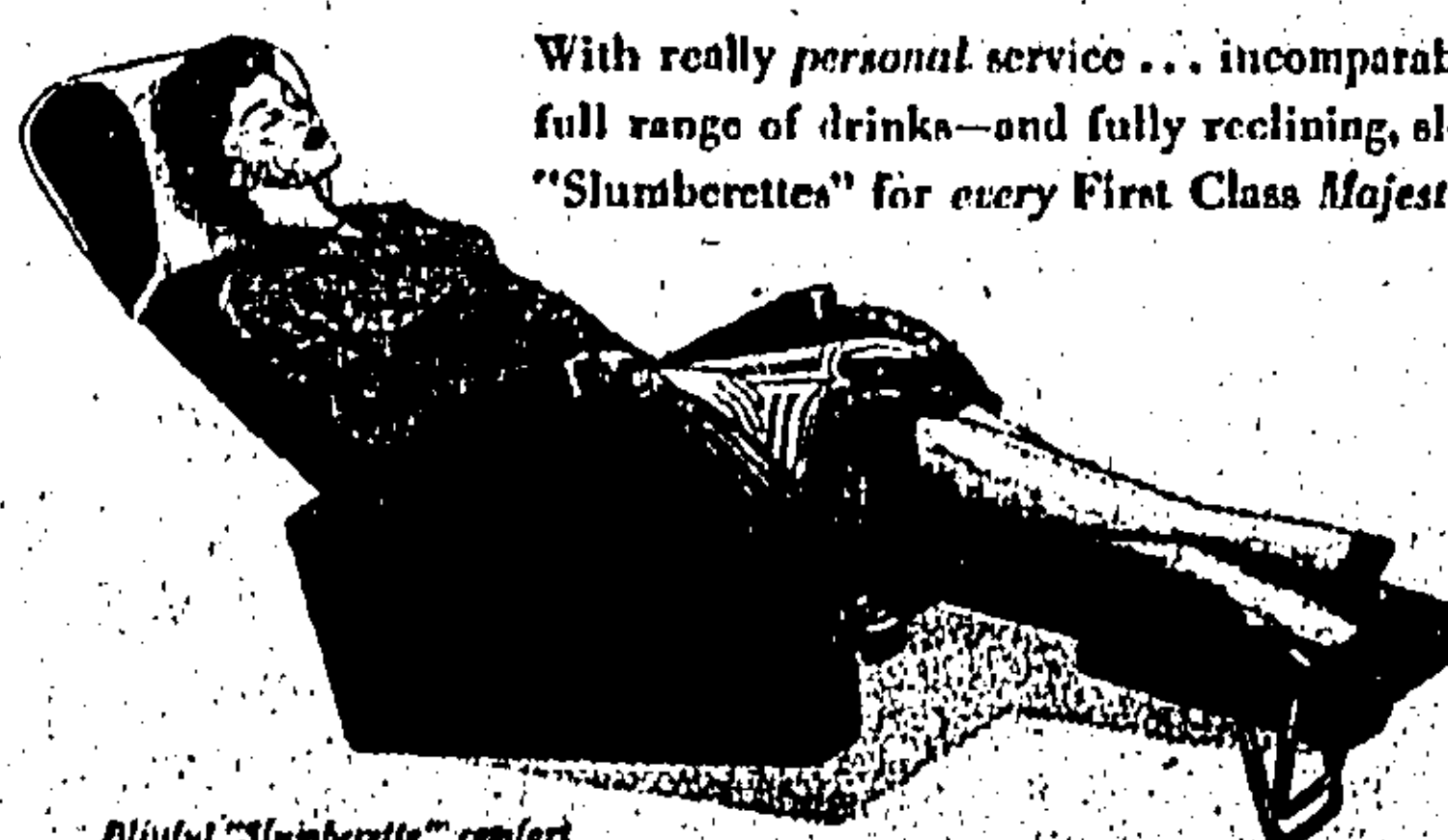
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The Story So Far

PRIVATE ALBERT POOLEY has vowed to avenge his comrades of the Royal Norfolk Regiment who were shot down at Le Paradis in Northern France on May 27, 1940, after surrendering to the Germans. Of nearly 100 prisoners, only two privates—Pooley and William O'Callaghan—survived. Pooley is badly wounded in the leg, and O'Callaghan drags him to a farmyard, where they hide in a pigsty for nine days and nights. While they are hiding, Madame Duquenne-Creton, wife of the farmer, returns with her son for the first time since the fighting. When she sees the two soldiers, she runs screaming towards the village, followed by O'Callaghan, but he realises how dangerous it is to show himself on the road, and returns to the farmyard.

SLOWLY, uncertainly, the Frenchwoman turned, and moved back to the farm. Above her cries she must have heard O'Callaghan calling to her and realised that he called in English. Holding her son by the hand, she came towards O'Callaghan. He said: "English soldier."

Friendly smile

"Je comprends," said the woman, with a friendly, if nervous smile. She turned and hurried off with her young son. Half an hour later she returned with a basket in her hand. Madame Duquenne-Creton was one of the innumerable folk of France who proved after the bitter fall of their country that the true spirit of France was not dead. Later she was awarded a certificate by Air Chief Marshal Tedder for helping Pooley, O'Callaghan, and another soldier. She knew the risks she was running. The Germans had posted notices threatening the death penalty for harbouring British soldiers.

O'Callaghan beckoned to the woman to follow him. They walked through the doorway of the sty and looked down at

POOLEY TELLS HIS STORY... AND THE OFFICER YAWNS

•To the private, the massacre at Le Paradis was the most shocking and terrible thing that had happened in his life.

•To the officer, it was a routine questioning. It had happened years before... and he had never heard of Le Paradis.

Pooley. The Frenchwoman set down her basket and knelt to look at the mess the field dressing barely covered.

Then she took a bottle of milk from the basket and held up some eggs. The Englishman almost shouted with joy. It was odd that now, when Pooley wanted his egg cooked for three and a half minutes, O'Callaghan's watch was not working, and he said Pooley must have them as they came. For a moment it seemed there would be angry words, but they realised how ludicrous it would be to quarrel over such a trivial thing after their sufferings of the last few days.

So they ate the eggs and the bread, and drank the milk, and were truly thankful. Madame Creton then used some hot water to wash and clean Pooley's wound and to dress them as best she could. On her next visit she brought a bottle of hot coffee, salt, hydrogen peroxide, and bandages.

Her dressings almost certainly saved Pooley's leg and perhaps his life. A few days later she told them, using gesticulations, that several people in the village had an idea that they were at the farm. The village headman knew and was getting nervous lest the Germans should take revenge on the villagers. Pooley and O'Callaghan talked it over; when the headman

came to see them, they said, "You can tell the Germans about us if you think it will save reprisals."

Some time later a motorcycle, followed by a car, turned into the farm. O'Callaghan, who was foraging in the farmyard near the woodpile, hurriedly entered their first hiding place. The motorcycle was ridden by a German despatch rider. A Frenchman and two Germans—one an officer—got out of the car. They crossed the courtyard and entered the building where Pooley was lying. The two Germans were a medical officer and a medical orderly. The Frenchman was an official from the village.

Said nothing

Private Pooley looked up at them. He said, "Well, are you going to shoot me?"

One of the Germans spoke good English. "No, only Churchill and Chamberlain shoot prisoners."

Pooley thought, "I could tell you something different," but he said nothing. The officer looked at his wounds and said, "Very nasty." But he told Pooley that the German medical staff were over-whelmed with their own wounded and there was little they could do for him at the moment. Pooley and O'Callaghan would be the responsibility of the villagers until arrangements could be made to take them into captivity.



The officer looked at Pooley's wounds.

Before they left they gave Pooley bread and sausage. He was propped against the wall smoking a German cigarette, when O'Callaghan came out of his cubby-hole.

So that was that. The game of hiding was over. Now that their presence was known to the Germans the sooner they knew what was to happen to them the better.

Pooley was badly in need of proper treatment. The flesh of his leg was discoloured, and it looked as if gangrene might rob him of the limb. He could not sit up without O'Callaghan's assistance. Any movement of the leg was torture.

On two things they were agreed. It was their responsibility to report the massacre of British prisoners to someone senior to themselves at the first possible moment. On the other hand, they must not let the Germans discover that they were survivors of the atrocity. Eye-witnesses would be unpopular.

The next afternoon an ambulance drove into the farmyard. Two Frenchmen took a stretcher into the pigsty where Pooley and O'Callaghan had lived for nine days and nights.

They carried the sick man to the ambulance and O'Callaghan got in too. Madame Creton stood on the grass waving and crying "Bon voyage."

Too weak

They were taken to the civil hospital at Bethune, a mining town about six miles from Le Paradis. The French doctors operated on Pooley's leg as soon as he was admitted. They cleaned the wound and took out two bullets that were fairly accessible, but he was too weak for them to do more.

O'Callaghan was out of bed within a few days. He discovered that an officer and about ten men from his battalion were also in the hospital. As they had been in C Company, which had become separated from the Battalion HQ, they could know nothing of the fate of their comrades.

Here was the opportunity O'Callaghan had been waiting for. Perhaps the officer would know some way of getting a report back to England.

O'Callaghan found the officer and a sergeant whom he knew. But the sergeant said his story sounded unreal. The officer, too, made no bones of his disbelief, and told O'Callaghan there and then that he did not believe that the Germans would do such a thing. The officer went down soon afterwards to see Pooley, who was in a low state.

"What's this cock-and-bull story O'Callaghan has been telling us about the Germans shooting 90 of our men?" he demanded.

Pooley was not fit for much interrogation, but he answered, "It's not a cock-and-bull story. It's the truth."

"What happened to the CO?"

"He got it as well," replied the sick man.

But the officer, unconvinced, said, "The Germans would not do that sort of thing," and, unwilling to worry Pooley any further, turned away.

This was the first time the two men had mentioned the crime to anyone. They were angry and resentful at the reception given to their story. They were not to know that this was

THE VENGEANCE OF PRIVATE POOLEY

ADAPTED FROM THE BOOK
By CYRIL JOLLY



only a foretaste of the disbelief and indifference to come.

They discussed the situation, and agreed it would be best again to refer to the atrocity in man terms. Their own officers had not believed it. The French were not in a position to take any action. To let the Germans know would be to sign their own death warrants.

Pooley was more than ever determined to get back to England as quickly as possible. He knew that, if his friends were to be avenged, he must survive.

During the whole of 1941 and 1942 and the beginning of 1943 he made the rounds of French and German hospitals, undergoing operation after operation. The two remaining bullets—wedged in the tibia—were removed from his leg. A British doctor urged him to have the leg amputated.

"It may be two, it may be five, it may be 15 years," he said, "but you'll lose it in the end." But Pooley decided that an unreliable leg was better than no leg at all. The surgeon

laid it open from knee to ankle and removed the decaying bone. Finally a neutral medical board examined Pooley and declared him "unfit for further military service."

Twice he was put on a train for repatriation. Twice there was a last-minute hitch. At last, in April 1943, negotiations for the exchange of wounded prisoners went through. Pooley travelled back to England via Sweden. He set foot on British soil three years after the crime of Le Paradis.

Even greater than the thrill of being out of captivity and back among friends was the tremendous relief of being able at last to report the secret which he had been forced to keep for so long.

Private Pooley made a preliminary statement as soon as he arrived at Richmond Convalescent Camp. He did not know what the next step would be, but he was sure that something would be done.

Interrogation

Something was done. He was ordered to report at a certain hut for further interrogation.

An Army officer was seated at a table, another was seated on a second table, looking out of the window. His back was to Pooley and he was idly swinging his legs. He glanced round when the private entered and then turned away, paring his nails.

"Are you Private Pooley?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have heard a story about some men of the Norfolks being shot by the enemy after they had been taken prisoners. Do you know anything about this? Did it really happen?"

"Yes, sir. It did happen."

"How do you know?"

"I was there, sir."

"Were there any other survivors?"

"Yes, sir, there was one other survivor."

"What was his name?"

Pooley began to feel resentment at the very casual manner in which the questions were asked and the attitude of the other officer in the room.

Not entitled

To Pooley this was the most shocking and terrible thing that had happened in his life. To the officer it was a routine questioning. It had happened years before, and he had never heard of Le Paradis. It was all far removed from the quiet and comfortable routine of his duties at Lehighmond.

Pooley said: "I am sorry, sir, I cannot give the other man's name."

O'Callaghan was still in German hands, and if news leaked out that he knew about the shooting he might be killed. Pooley did not think he was entitled to risk O'Callaghan's life.

That was all. Three more years of bitterness and frustration were to pass before Pooley was told that his statements had been "lost in the fog of the past."

Five years

Private O'Callaghan fared no better. He spent five years in the deadly, monotonous routine of a prisoner of war. In 1944, his camp was evacuated in the face of the Russian advance, and O'Callaghan was one of a long column of prisoners that marched and counter-marched, turning and doubling on their tracks, through the disintegrating Reich from late in January until early May.

Back in England, O'Callaghan had the chance to which he, too, had long looked forward. He was given a form on which to describe the details of the crime. An officer took it from him. And that was the last that was heard of O'Callaghan's report.

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NEXT SATURDAY:

Pooley's Private War

Helping hands from friendly foes:
all part of the Polar "Cold Rush"

A COLD WAR IN AN ICY CLIMATE

By PETER HAHN

I HAVE just paid a visit to Antarctica, that continent of barren rock, ice and towering mountains, which has recently hit the headlines.

I found that Antarctica is the battlefield of a "cold war," fought with frosty politeness in an icy climate. At the southern hub of the world I witnessed the bitter struggle for domination over the wedge-shaped sector of the White Continent known as the British Antarctic Sector.

Buenos Aires with the elements—a common enemy to all of them. They are almost friends. Ailing British crew members are sometimes treated in Argentine sick-bays, and Argentine soldiers spice their canned food with British sauce obtained as a gift from the British base staff.

Yet, whenever a British or Argentine vessel makes port—usually the same port used by all competitors—the opposing nations deliver a sternly worded note of protest against intrusion of territorial waters. The notes, printed in advance, are kept ready for such occasions. Only the date has to be filled in.

GOOD RESULTS

The daring ventures of the British surveying teams brought good results, which ensure Britain a considerable advantage in the progress of surveys and exploration. Operating from bases on Horseshoe Island and at Hope Bay, the Colonial Office explorers achieved an almost complete survey of the hitherto inaccessible Graham Land Plateau.

But Argentine runs a close second with an admittedly excellent survey of the Weddell Sea, a frozen ocean many thousands of square miles in size. The struggle for rule in the British Antarctic Sector is in reality only part of another struggle—the mad scramble for Antarctic territory in general, or as veterans of the Antarctic call it, "The South Pole gold rush."

MERE CLAIMS

The White Continent attracted more expeditions than any before this year. Seven countries sent scientists and workmen to blaze new trails for geophysical operations during the year 1955-56. The United States, Britain, New Zealand, Argentina, Chile and even Soviet Russia prepared bases for expeditions to probe into the virgin continent's secret and hidden treasures. This sudden interest by the major Powers has focused world interest on Antarctica.

There are several reasons for this interest. Antarctica may play a vital role in an eventual conflict between East and West. It was rumoured that the United States would set up radar stations near the Pole. The continent was also mentioned as a possible proving ground for atomic weapons, although authoritative sources contradicted this latter theory.

And Antarctica may prove a treasure chest of mineral wealth. Exactly what lies beneath the hundred-yard thick ice-cap of its 6,000,000 square miles is only a matter of informed speculation.

RARE METALS

A geologist with the Argentine Antarctic Expedition told me that in all probability Antarctica is a potential source of rare metals, coal and uranium. The region is surrounded by an active volcanic belt. This again seems to imply that a great variety of mineral wealth slumbers yet undiscovered under the eternal ice.

Russia's appearance on the scene stresses the growing importance of the White Continent. The strategic value of Antarctica seems to be Russia's main attraction here. This view is backed up by the Russian claims to the territory, possibly intended to foil Western plans for eventually bringing Antarctica in some way into the general picture of a Western defence system.

But Russia's expedition to the Antarctic has had another disturbing influence on the men in the bases around the Pole. Until this year's Soviet expedition, Antarctica had been a continent without women. Now a rumour from behind the Antarctic "curtain" claims that 13 women scientists accompanied the Red expedition. This proved to be a disturbing thought for men accustomed to spend years and years without female companionship.

ODD STRUGGLE

These men are front-line soldiers of this odd struggle for supremacy. They live in wooden barracks, in groups of ten or twelve. The houses are well adapted to the requirements of the extreme cold climate and the howling, blizzards that sweep the rocks and glaciers.

For nine months a year—from February to November—these men see no other human beings but their Argentine or Chilean counterparts. The detachments of competing nations are often separated by only a few hundred yards. But above each hut flies the national flag—a sign of the claim for sovereignty.

Argentine, British and Chileans of those bases are made akin by their constant struggle

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TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have your own Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS

Second-rate lover, indifferent poet? The idol of his fellow-countrymen (and Russia's favourite Scot) comes in for a scathing criticism that will rouse controversy all over the world

BURNS DEBUNKED BY A SCOTS LASSIE

By CUTHBERT GRAHAM

ADMIRERS of Burns, renowned Scottish poet, revered by the world at large (including the Russians), are going to have quite a task living this down! For at last a Scotswoman has rebelled against the cult of the Bard as "great lover."

It had to come! After one and a half centuries of adulation as the greatest writer of love songs the world ever saw, Robert Burns is being put in his place by one of the "ladies," who just refuses to believe it.

One of the most scathing, searing books on Scotland's national bard that have ever been written has just been published "The Russel Coat," by Christina Keith.

Listen to Miss Keith: "M. Angellier, that acutest of French critics, is speaking the truth when he asserts flatly that Burns never was in love..."

"None of the fine ladies Burns met... ever fell in love with him. The only folk who did were the barmaids and the village girls—and the servant lasses of the capital (Edinburgh)."

"The explanation is 'simply itself.' The fine ladies knew in a second (nothing is easier to sense) the value Robin was putting on them and froze at once. The barmaids, knowing no other, liked it."

Vitilic Attack

Miss Keith, a former Oxford don, has returned to her native Cuthbert, in the north of Scotland, to live and work in the eighteenth century house in the town of Thurso where she was born, and who recently wrote a history of the Queen Mother's Castle of Mey, does not buy into the view of Burns as a lover. She is equally severe on Burns as a love poet. "Burns is his final condemnation."

ave songs, good or bad—good, bad and bad—have been flung with equal ardour at every Scots girl's head ever since he wrote them. "The best love songs in the world," avers her swain roundly... But are they the best? For Scotland has never been much of a love-making country...

Miss Keith's anxiety to show why this is so, why it was impossible for Burns or any other Scot in the last four hundred years to write the best kind of love poetry, leads her into a vitilic attack on Calvinism and the Scottish kirk and the subjection of women in general.

Shackled Thoughts

Sir Walter Scott, she says, "could not write a love scene than fly," and Robert Louis Stevenson was just as bad, all because of his Presbyterian upbringing.

"It was into narrow Ayrshire Burns was born," she says, "into an air fetid with Calvinism. Over his perigee he heard of a God—defined in the Shorter Catechism—without one word of His property of love. On the contrary, it was the wrath and curse of God that was sown broadcast. It was not in such an atmosphere of shackled thought and horrifying dogma that songs of love, either to God or man, could well be written."

She does not deny for a moment that Burns did write some good love songs. "As Rigs," she says, "the 'Red, Red Rose,' 'A Fond Kiss'—but they are not in the top class."

They are deficient in true passion. They are too superficial. They cannot hold a candle to the love songs of Sappho or Catullus, Shakespeare or Donne. And, finally, they "do not see enough in love... Originality and sweep of thought are as necessary to the great love songs as profundity of feeling. And in his view of love, Burns is deficient. Burns is never in love. As a poet of love, that is his final condemnation."

So much for Burns as lover and love poet. But perhaps Miss Keith is kinder to him in other respects?

Does she agree that Burns is, for all his faults, a truly national poet, one who speaks for the whole of Scotland? Not a bit of it.

According to Miss Keith he was far too deficient in imagination to speak for the Highland half of the country of Scotland. Only in one song, "Auld Lang Syne," did he create the kind of poetry that could voice the feelings of all Scotsmen.

"Burns," she admits, "did indeed seize some basic features of the Scots character and spotlight them—interest in religion, hypocrisy, national aggressiveness and facile sentimentality... But these are only some basic features—not all. And, in spotlighting them, he has isolated them from others equally fundamental—as ambition, love of scholarship, love of roaming... For that side of Scotland—and many would hold it to be the nobler side—he does not speak at all."

Cold Douche

What, then, has she to say in Burns' favour? Or did she write this book merely to provide a much-needed cold douche for over-enthusiastic Burns admirers? To put it that way would be unfair.

She has unstinted praise of Burns as social satirist, though she insists that satire is no passport to major stature as a poet. In one other respect she awards Burns the palm. He had the wit to respond to the music of the music of the Highlands and make it the lodestar of his genius.

"Tone deaf as he was to much of what Scotsmen feel, he yet was alive and tingling to the very feel of it... With the Highland tunes knocking the sense out of him, and his Lowland head ruthlessly cutting out the Highland rump, Burns is, in that light, and uniquely, Scotland's national poet."

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THE GREATEST DAY OF THEIR LIVES

Date: August 6, 1955. Place: Ellis Park, Johannesburg. Occasion: The first rugby test it was Morgan's match

THE WELSH LION HAD A MIGHTY ROAR

ENGLAND had its Adrian Stoop, Ireland still worships at the shrine of Jackie Kyle, but Cliff Morgan is no longer the special fly-half perquisite of Trebanog, or even of Wales, whom he now captains. He belongs to the whole history and fabric of rugby football. From Tonyrefail to Twickenham, from the valleys to the veldt.

But it is of little use seeking to pin down to a single day a day of days. As well

They offered him fabulous sums (£6,000 tax-free, said one report) to turn professional on his triumphant return from South Africa last year, though Morgan will tell you that he never gave these cash-laden offers much serious consideration.

His recently-married Irish wife, ex-airline hostess Nuala, gave them even less consideration, bided for her opinion of the proposed deal, she replied to the effect that she knew nothing about rugby, had not the slightest idea of the difference between Rugby Union and Rugby League, had never watched either game, and was

through illness of Ireland's Robin Thompson and Scotland's Angus Cameron, he was appointed captain for the vital third Test at Pretoria.

Morgan does not underestimate the honour that was paid him that day, but it is of an earlier and even more tremendous South African occasion that he talks in his soft Rhonda Valley voice when you ask him to recall the great days of that electrifying tour.

Dramatic

Date: August 6, 1955. Place: Ellis Park, Johannesburg. Occasion: The first test, with 90,000 spectators assembled in anticipation of a South African holiday at the expense of the not-too-highly-considered Lions. Lucky 90,000. They were to see one of the most dramatic rugby matches of all time.

Morgan's match, after a shaky start, and an 8-0 lead for South Africa at the end of half an hour.

Morgan it was who, four minutes before half-time, broke from a set scrum just inside his own half to enable a try-hungry Butterfield to touch down.

Morgan it was whose speed off the mark sparked a scoring spree that gave the Lions 15 points in the first 10 minutes of the second half—when a leg injury suffered by J.A.R. Higgins had reduced their forward strength to seven.

Morgan it was who, three minutes after the resumption, shot through a gap on the edge of the South African "25," showed his Welsh heels to four or five opponents, and scored a picture-book individual try after a super-charged run.

Test series for the first time since 1896.

"You could call it the most inspiring game of rugby I ever played in," said the exuberant Morgan when he came to dine with the writers who had named him the third greatest sports personality of the year.

One month after Johannesburg, on September 3, 1955, he led the Lions to a 9-8 win in Pretoria. Touchline witnesses will testify for ever that it was the masterly tactics of their captain and fly-half that put punch into the British line.

Fewer know that, on the morning of the match, Morgan the Mighty had reduced his team almost to tears with the fire, urgency, and eloquence of his appeals for all-out action.

When Cliff Morgan talks, you listen. And when Cliff Morgan plays rugby, you account yourself lucky that you have eyes that watch.

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How Lady Harding Gets Away From The Bombs

I really bless the man who invented croquet, she says

By Anne Sharpley

Nicosia, Cyprus. LADY Harding looked across the wide lawn of Government House, startled with the late afternoon sun and smiled at her "secret weapon." Croquet hoops.

"I never thought I could be so thankful for croquet, I really bless the person who invented it," she said. Croquet is the Hardings' favourite device for taking their "minds off things."

"Sir John's office is just there," she said, indicating a Moorish arcade topped with a dome that flanks the lawn.

"He likes to play in the afternoon, and if the telephone goes for him in the office it is only a few yards away. We all play. It is so relaxing."

A large sergeant, standing in for the Greek Cypriot servant who has just been regrettably dismissed, carries on to the lawn a tea tray handsome with silver and elegant with china.

Light-hearted

Croquet and tea on the lawn may be genteel, slightly comic things associated with the better days of the British Empire, but here, in Cyprus, they have their full significance.

The sergeant deposits the tray and retires with a deep bow. Lady Harding is not feeling hungry, nor is she looking at the daintily prepared sandwiches, she says: "We must eat some. They have gone to such trouble to prepare them."

So Lady Harding and I eat three sandwiches each, and feel we are helping the British to keep Cyprus.

Government House—for all that it was nearly the scene of a tragedy and political upheaval last week—is a strangely casual, light-hearted place today.

The Governor, as he steps smartly down the drive to say goodbye to the Norfolks, who

have been guarding him for a fortnight, calls out a smiling, "Good afternoon."

A handsome little man and most determined. One feels he is almost amused at the idea of a bomb at the foot of his bed.

And what does Lady Harding feel? I look at this quick, smiling, grey-haired little woman with the charming pointed face and large hazel eyes.

I forgot fear

Her reply has the same echo from the past as the croquet hoops and the cane chairs and the splendid silver tea tray.

"Well, do you know I was really so interested to see the bomb I forgot to be frightened. I was writing letters in the sitting-room next to our bedroom when someone popped his head round the door and said: 'There's a bomb in the field-marshal's bed.'"

"I said rather stupidly (my husband tells me I should not have taken the risk) 'I must come and see it.' So I went and looked at it and then returned to writing my letters."

"It didn't occur to me that it was a time bomb and it was only afterwards I realised how frightfully brave it was of Lieutenant Buckley to put it on a shovel and walk out of the house with it."

Of the young Greek Cypriot, suspected of planting the bomb, she says, unresentfully, "He was such a very nice boy. I am sure he was terrorised into doing this."

So charming

She looks across the lawn again to where two immense cypresses flare up into the overhanging sky.

"Cyprus is the loveliest place we have lived in and the people are really so charming."

"They are not the race to be blowing people up in their beds. They are happy and wonderfully healthy. If only they would wait for a while."

Are she and her husband afraid of more bombs?

"We are not afraid. We are used to it. As one gets older one learns to be philosophical. My husband never gets into a flap about anything, and I am not a nervous person either."

"Anyway, there is far too much to do to spend hours worrying." For Lady Harding is not leading a restricted life despite the bombs. "I have been trying to visit all the charitable and welfare institutions in the island. This week I am visiting the rural health centres and I try to make sure I visit something of every religion—The Greek Orthodox church, an Armenian clinic or a Turkish deaf and dumb school. The first thing I visited, I remember, in Cyprus" she says with a slightly mischievous smile, "was the Archbishop's Orphanage."

There is the running of a 10-bed roomed house. "Although," says Lady Harding, "it is an awfully easy house to run."

Certainly, if EOKA think they have alarmed this pleasant household, they are mistaken.

Secret weapon

Lady Harding showed me a picture I would like every terrorist to see, although he might not appreciate the full humorous implication of it. During the visit of Mr. Anthony Head and his wife, Lady Dorothea, it might have been assumed a solemn atmosphere prevailed.

Possibly it did, but not all the time. The Harding "secret weapon" was given full usage. And a quite ridiculous snapshot of the croquet "team" in ham Victorian attitudes with Lady Harding in the middle, holding in her lap a ball inscribed "1956."

Mr. Anthony Head on one side, the Governor and Lady Dorothea on the other, is the best evidence that the British in the mid may owe almost as much to croquet as they do to cricket.

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On the edge of the South African "25," Morgan showed his Welsh heels to four or five opponents and scored a picture-book individual try after a super-charged run.

Welsh rugby wizard CLIFF MORGAN has had many great days. But one day stands out above the others . . . and he has described it to GEORGE WHITING

try to puzzle with a hint of mercury, or get a precise answer from a politician. Every day is a great day for breezy, irrepressible Cliff Morgan—provided, that is, a defence to be confounded, a pass for his eager hands to accept, or half-a-dozen opponents to be bumbled in as many yards.

Irish wife

Dark-haired lively eyed, and with enthusiasm bubbling out of every pore of his swarthy 32st, this mine's son, who started abroad, has in five years become one of the most electrifying outside-halves known to rugby. And certainly one of its most dominant personalities.

They tell a hundred tales of him in his native land. If he is not yet a legend, this Morgan of switch, swerve and unmatched acceleration, then he is well on the way to becoming one.

For Cliff Morgan is a man of many parts. He will sing you a song, tell you a wire rope, play you a piano, or spin you a yarn with the same buoyant intensity that he injects into every opposing wing-forward—to dub him a fanatic.

He burns with a fire that has not escaped the attention of Rugby League impresarios with long pockets.

YES—POLIO IS RARE BUT

The discovery of a suitable vaccine has come at just the right time

ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY
by CEDRIC CARNE

"JAB, jab, jab, jab," said Mr. Elliott belligerently. "If my kid has to have any more injections her arm will look like a used dartboard." He had brought his little girl, Sally, first to be vaccinated against smallpox, then later to be immunised against diphtheria and whooping cough, and now he had come to seek my advice about having three-year-old Sally injected with the new anti-polio vaccine.

I told him how, through such injections, diphtheria and smallpox had become quite uncommon diseases. And that the discomfort of the few injections necessary was nothing relative to the suffering and tragedies that have so happily and successfully been avoided.

DEFENCES

The protection given by a vaccine depends upon its capacity to produce "anti-body," and so by vaccination and immunisation the natural defences of the body have been marvellously strengthened so that the war against the invisible armies of germs is gradually being won.

The discovery of the polio vaccine is just another advance in this prolonged battle—and it has come just at the right time.

for poliomyelitis is gradually becoming less rare, though it is still far from a common disease. In any case very few people who get polio, adults or children, suffer from any symptoms at all; others have only a "cold" or an "influenza attack."

And though they do not suffer any muscular symptoms or have any ill after-effects they develop a long-lasting immunity against polio.

"But is this vaccine for children safe?" asked Mr. Elliott. "Shouldn't an experimental survey have been done first to see that it was OK?"

"Well, we're lucky," I answered. "The experimental pilot survey, in one sense, has been done in America. And we have learned from their errors."

With the result that the authorities have modified the American vaccine to make it as safe as possible.

Indeed, recent American and Canadian experience has been highly reassuring. All the same, nobody knows for how long the vaccine will protect the child against a possible attack of polio. And this was something I felt I had to warn Mr. Elliott about.

THE RESULTS

"I don't know. I just don't know whether it's worth it. All this jab, jab, jab," said Mr. Elliott, scratching his head. "Soon we'll be injected against everything."

"If the results are good and lives are saved, why not?"

I thought of the recent experiments with the new vaccination against tuberculosis. Recently about 70,000 14-year-old children living in English cities and towns were involved in the investigation. And the results were unequivocal: quite excellent.

So that now more and more people will be able to receive protection against tuberculosis. But it has been 30 years since this anti-tuberculosis vaccine was first used on man and it is only now that a controlled trial has been undertaken in Great Britain, though its undoubted value has been proved in other countries.

HOW LONG?

"We certainly take our time," Mr. Elliott said. "We are careful. That's why I suppose I trust this new polio vaccine. All doctors I presume would recommend I had Sally done?"

"Not all. Some wish there had been further trials. But the vast majority believe it to be safe. Many wish, though, that they knew how long the anti-bodies would remain effective in the bloodstream."

Mr. Elliott took out his cigarettes and offered me one. "As a result of this vaccine," I continued, "I am sure that time will show a marked decrease in the incidence of polio."

"I wish you could give me a jab to stop me smoking," Mr. Elliott said. "And then I'd be smoking."

"One day you probably will."

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INTO THE

WORLD

by Robert

Pitman

CONCLUSION

A woman 'sees' 200 miles away

JUNE 1949—a month of sun, a golden month. It was the month when Rita Hayworth appeared at Ascot, when Woodcock out-pummelled Mills, when Gorgous Gussie first flaunted her lace trimmings at Wimbledon.

It was also the month when the twilight world produced an event which may still be remembered when the cuttings on Rita Hayworth have turned yellow at the edges and begun to moulder into dust.

Let us look back at this event. The scene—a brightly painted cottage on the outskirts of a forest in Belgium. The time—early evening.

Inside the cottage an Englishwoman on holiday sits by the radio. It is tuned to the BBC. Then, as seven o'clock is piped out across the ether from London, the woman begins to writhe. She fills in a column of letters on a printed form. A few feet away a companion times her with a stop-watch.

And 200 miles away up Richmond, Surrey, an experimenter is turning over the simple picture cards whose order she is trying to visualize.

Not chance

The Englishwoman was Mrs. Gloria Stewart. And the remarkable guesses which she rendered during that holiday in Belgium marked another big step forward in man's advance into the twilight world.

Mrs. Stewart did not guess all the cards correctly. During 1,400 guesses her direct hits were just 94 above the total which mere chance would have produced. Yet look at what this means. Imagine you take a dice and get a six nine times out of your first 10 throws. Remarkable? No, because it would need only another 50 throws without a six to bring your score down to chance average.

The experts have taken a look at Mrs. Stewart's score. They tell us that it could only be reduced to chance odds if the same experiment were repeated without success every day for the next 200 million years.

In other words, Mrs. Stewart had proved that something more than mere chance was operating, something which the layman calls telepathy, which the scientists prefer to label ESP (Extra-Sensory Perception). And she had proved that ESP will operate just as strongly across hundreds of miles of sea and land as across the corridor which

separates your front room from the kitchen. This experiment in June 1949 was supervised by scientists. But what do the other scientists say—the men who have no stake in ESP research? Do they accept the results of such experiments? Admittedly when the American Professor J. B. Rhine first began his card-guessing tests in the thirties they elicited too scantly of magic for the taste of other university men. There was a stern chorus of disapproval. There were hints that Rhine's experimenters had cheated, that his statistics were faked.

Silent now

Today the chorus has been hushed to silence. Few responsible scientists now refuse to agree that ESP has been dragged from the twilight regions into the daylight world of fact.

Have the routine experiments in second sight taken all the old mystery and excitement out of the twilight world?

By no means. For one of the most exciting discoveries in modern science we must turn again to the shy, matter-of-fact figure of mathematician Samuel Soal. The adventure which ended in this discovery began on a cold and sombre February afternoon in the 1930's.

For 15 months Dr. Soal had been vainly repeating the ESP experiments which Professor Rhine had already carried out in America. He was beginning to suspect that Rhine's results were caused not by telepathy but by carelessness, by clues being unconsciously given to the card-guessers.

Then, on this sombre afternoon, a tall well-dressed stranger strode into Soal's laboratory. He was the professional photographer Basil Shackleton. He told Soal that he had read in the papers about his experiments, and he also told him that he had come not so much to be tested for telepathy as to demonstrate it. He was convinced of his powers. The experiment began. Out of the first run of 25 cards, Shackleton got 10 right. It was a fine performance, twice the average score.

Score down

But Shackleton's handsome brow was creased with dissatisfaction. He asked for some changes in the arrangements, yet instead of rising, his score shrank down to chance average. Soal added Shackleton's records to his growing pile of failures.

There they would have remained but for the entrance of a

200 miles away

third figure—the Cambridge scientist Whately Carlington. Carlington had been carrying out telepathy tests with pictures. Once every night for 10 nights he had pinned up a different picture in his Cambridge study. Then sketches started to come in from distant experimenters who had tried to guess what each target picture was like.

Picture tests are always difficult to judge, but Carlington could not avoid the old impression that some of the best like-nesses had been produced on the day before the target picture had actually been drawn.

Carlington then contacted Soal. He urged him to take another look at the unsuccessful records which he knew he had been amassing for years.

Soal eventually agreed. He sent out Shackleton's dust-laden file. And he was amazed by what it told him. He discovered that at the moment when his hits had seemed to decline Shackleton had started scoring on the card which had not yet been looked at, although no one else knew which card would be chosen. Similar "prophetic" ESP effects have since been demonstrated time and again.

What next?

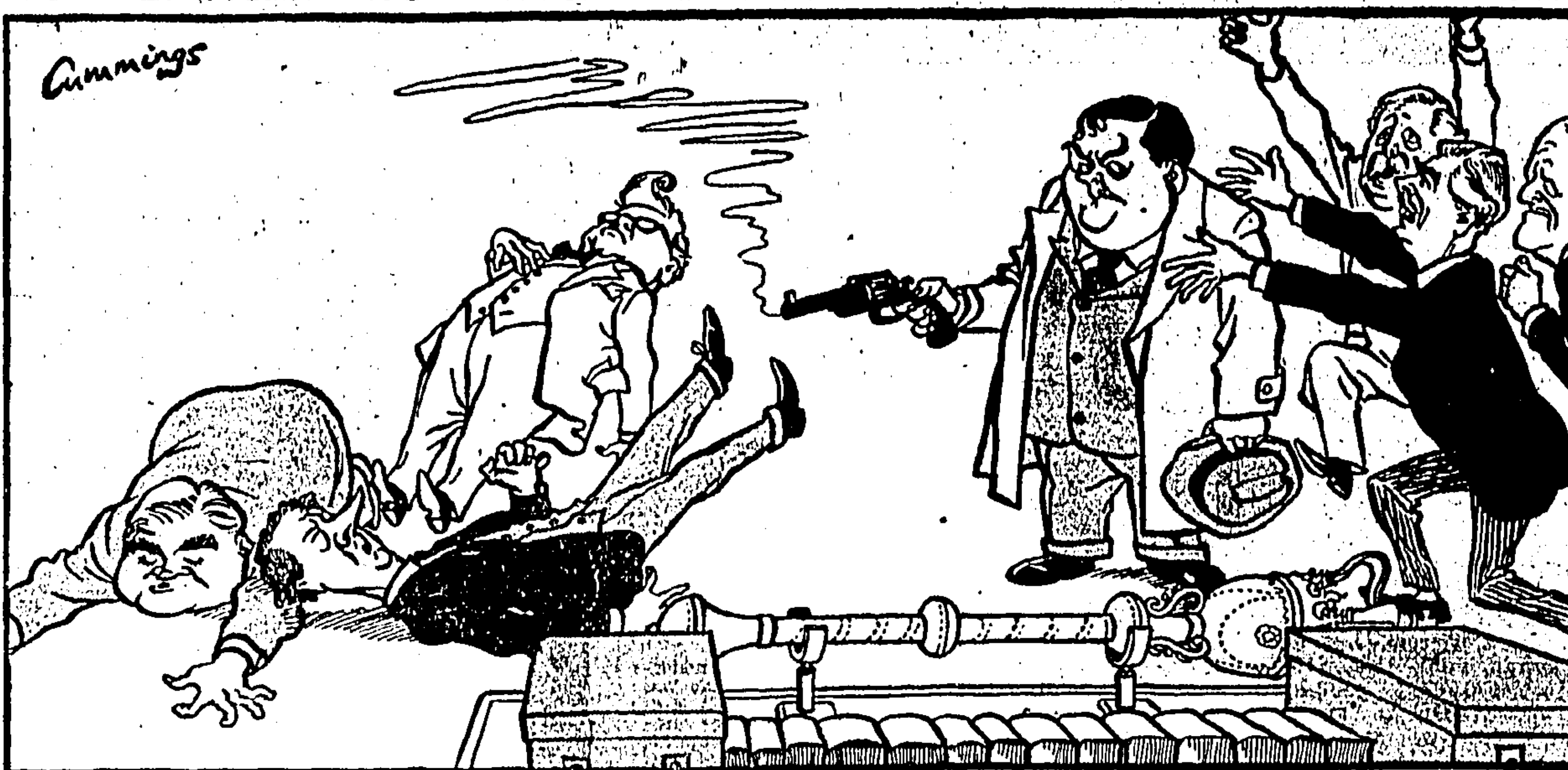
What is the outlook? ESP has already been used to explain away "spirit" messages. Even ghosts have been defined as "hallucinations induced by ESP."

Yet compared with these eerie happenings, laboratory ESP is still feeble, still confined to guessing a few cards above chance odds. It is like the meagre electricity produced by early scientists compared with spontaneous lightning flashes.

Will ESP make the same progress as electricity? Will men one day be able to generate it at will? Research may reveal new procedures to prompt ESP. We already know that it can be increased or damped by drugs.

Even at its present stage an American scientist has suggested its use in espionage. What if a nation could discover the secret behind second sight? Can there be any doubt that this founding from the twilight world would become the incredible overlord of the atomic age? (Copyright)

SO WE WANT TO TEACH THE RUSSIANS ABOUT DEMOCRACY



EILEEN ASCROFT cables from South America



Don't be fooled about these Latin Romeos

THEY'RE FAT... AND USUALLY BALD

SOMEBODY has been pulling the leg about the Romantic Latin. I arrived in South America expecting a land full of sleek dark men with flashing eyes, lean passionate faces and slim tango legs.

And what do I find? The Latin Lover isn't romantic at all. He is short, inclined to fat and frequently bald. True he dances the tango, but there is more bouncing about it than gliding.

As for romance—his eight, 10, or even 12 children soon put a stop to that. The most he permits himself is the odd whispered remark as he passes you on the street.

The man who could introduce an effective hair restorer to Latin America, could retire a millionaire five times over in five years.

Rather quaint

Petticoat influence in sun-drenched Rio is strong. It is not surprising, in a country where butterflies are as large as sparrows and roses bloom as profusely as cabbages, that if a girl takes to petticoats, she means four, five or even six under her dance dress.

The short evening dress is worn all over Latin America. Only floor-sweeping gowns I have seen have emerged from British embassies, looking rather quaint beside all these short swirling skirts.

Daytime silhouettes are quite different. Slim-fitting skirts are everywhere. I hesitate to call them straight because the elegant lady in South America has apparently not heard of foundation garments. If she has she has firmly decided to ignore their existence.

The bowler

One piece of English male attire that will never seem quite the same to me again is the bowler hat. Every Indian woman from five to 95 wears one—both indoors and out in Bolivia.

If a man tried to wear one he would be as heartily scoffed at as an Englishman wearing a fur stole in Trafalgar Square.



Every Indian woman wears a bowler.

Corned beef

Having enjoyed many a tin of corned beef and lamb's tongues in the past I was anxious to see in Buenos Aires how these delicacies were made. At the largest meat-packing plant in the world I watched bulls, sheep and pigs entering the huge factory on one side on their own four feet and pouring forth as canned beef, pork and lamb on the other side.

The humane killer, compulsory by English law, is not used here. Even the toughest bulls in this English-owned factory are felled by a clonk on the head with a big hammer. While still reeling or unconscious from this blow they are slung aloft by their back legs on a moving rack to have their throats morcifully cut.

Sheep have an even more realistic end. They are led

to the slaughter-house by a tame sheep—known in the factory as a Quisling! or Judas Sheep for obvious reasons—shackled by a back leg and slung kicking through the air to the waiting knifeman.

Although I enjoy English lamb and a good steak myself I begin to understand the sentiments of the vegetarian.

This scene brought back painful memories of the bull-rings in Mexico. I am not a fan of bull-fighting. I admit frankly I find it degrading and pitiful. The choreography of the matadors is certainly a marvel to watch. But what English person could honestly say that they enjoy watching



Wanted: an effective hair restorer for Latin America.

an elderly blindfolded horse being knocked over and gored by a bull and finally dragged out of the ring, streaming with blood?

And what pageantry or spectacle there can be in the picture of a brave bull, mortally wounded, staggering around the ring when the matador has panicked and left the ring, I really fail to see.

To me the worst sight of all is the Englishwoman who raves about bull fights. She is always a distinctive type—hard-faced, brittle, high-voiced. I have rarely been more ashamed of my own sex than watching their sensation-hungry faces round the bull-ring.

(Copyright)



PETULA CLARK
A man must be the master.



EVE BOSWELL
A husband has pride.



EARTHA KITT
He must earn that extra dollar.



ELIZABETH SEAL
Busy people don't bother.

IF A WIFE EARNS MORE... can marriage work?

by ANNA LANDAU

WHAT difference does it make when a woman earns more than a man? A lot, says Susan Hayward, whose Hollywood marriage has just ended for reasons of financial incompatibility. Or, more simply, too much income on the part of Miss Hayward. Her husband was left behind—by tens of thousands of dollars a year.

EXTRA DOLLAR

A lot, agrees Eartha Kitt. "You've got to find a man who came to the wife's aid. Last year I earned \$230,000. It's not so easy to find a man who earns \$230,001. A dollar was never more of a symbol."

Once here do earning wives feel similarly that their men must be one pound up? What against the notion that a wife

should earn less—Vera Lynn, eternal sweetheart both of HM Forces and HM Inspectors of Taxes. When I rang her at home in Hampstead after her day in the recording studios Miss Lynn laughed at the idea. "Why shouldn't a woman earn more than her husband? I earn more than mine and it doesn't matter at all."

Miss Lynn pointed out that she "earned a lot of money." For her husband to earn more, he would have to be a "big financier" and not a music publisher.

Let us, said Miss Lynn, be practical about this. Unless a woman does not like her work, she is the one who loses by leaving it. And if she likes it and earns, then why worry?

Miss Elizabeth Seal, who has made a big hit in "The Pajama Game," was not worrying. In fact, Miss Seal could not understand how adult people could worry about a thing like that.

"If people are busy enough, they don't bother about such matters. And we," said Miss Seal, newly married to an

advertisement copywriter, "are both frightfully busy."

Sensible views, to which most men seem equally sensible. It is the women who are not so sure. Singer Eve Boswell was one of them. The problem does not affect her personally. As her husband is in her manager she does not consider that they earn money separately. But Miss Boswell had her doubts about other people's earnings.

"If a husband does different work from his wife and earns less than she does, they'd have to be terribly intelligent about it."

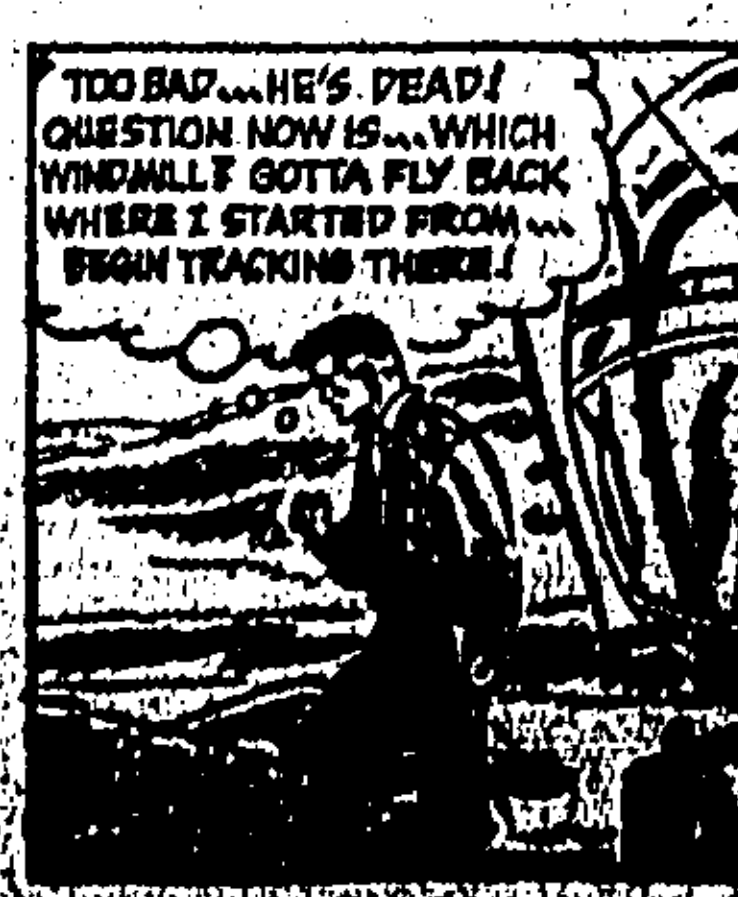
TERRIBLE COMPLEXES

"Men have terrible complexes about that sort of thing. A woman wouldn't feel discontented if she thought she was doing the earning, but a man has a certain pride."

A pride that persists even if a woman persuades him that he contributes something more important in the way of guidance and stability. Even if the wife's earnings are needed to maintain a standard, they both want it.

Swiftly over the line from Surrey came a younger woman's view. "It's not a financial matter," said Petula Clark. "It's

JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

By Frank Robbins

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

GILES' HOME



...it makes me ask: Given the money

and not tied to an office desk,

where would you like to live?



THE GILES FARMHOUSE IN EAST ANGLIA.

At the moment the Spanish influence is uppermost in the Giles house (see immediately above).

Back from his holiday in Las Palmas Giles was putting in a Spanish archway (with concealed lighting and wrought iron decoration) within six hours of his return.

For this is a house which changes its rooms around every six months, although the outside (a whitewashed seventeenth century farmhouse in Suffolk) had stayed the same for around 300 years until the Giles family moved in.

Visiting their home recently, I noted:—
THAT the house is full of warmth, colour, and light. The living room (at the moment) has white walls, a blue ceiling, scarlet and yellow chairs, brilliant, patterned curtains brought home from the Spanish holiday, and Gaudin prints in the same vivid colours as the room.

Do-it-yourself expert
THAT Giles is a Do-It-Yourself Expert who not only builds in his own bookcases, mantelpieces, aquarium, and fittings, but also puts in his own windows, builds his own caravan, and panels his own walls.

THAT this is the first home I have seen furnished in the modern style which looks and is wonderfully comfortable. ... most modern furniture is austere

to look at and worse than austere to sit on.
AND THAT here is a man with the kind of job which lets him live where he likes, and the place he chooses to live is a farmhouse in East Anglia.
It set me wondering: Given the money and a job which does not tie you to an office—where would you choose to make your home?

Your choice?

In Jamaica, perhaps, like Noel Coward... because "when I was a little boy I used to love Broadstairs and Bognor Regis. But I learned to travel further afield. Now I want Jamaica in the spring... swimming, looking up old friends, putting finishing touches to my book..."

Or on a mountain near Los Angeles like Aldous Huxley, because "I like mountains, the added sunlight is a help to my eyesight, and there is only one telephone in the village below..."

Or in Tangier like the Xan Fieldings, because "it's a good, untaxed base to work from."

I put the question to five people. Their answers:—
Francis Edith Silwell: "I had a flat in Paris and I found it agreeable, but it was a little poky. I'd love to live in Italy. But I love England too much. I can't imagine living without my present work and because of that I'm obliged to stay in London, but I'm happy in the old home at Renshaw (Derbyshire)."

Henry Moore: "A sculptor cannot take up his materials and go anywhere. I have just made a new studio workshop out of some stables and I would hate to move now."

"There are other parts of England that might be better than Hertfordshire, nearer the sea, with more rolling country. But my roots are in England and I wouldn't like to live anywhere else. Too much sunshine can be monotonous."

C. S. Forester: "I am lucky enough to be able to choose where I live, and I've chosen California. The mild climate is good for me."

Rebecca West: "I would always live in England. I wouldn't want to be an exile. I like the ordinary English people as much as any other people, and I think they are going through rather a difficult time just at present. So I wouldn't want to be away."

But above all...

The Gambols (Mr and Mrs Barry Appleby): "We have lived in a bungalow in Devon, in a house in London, several short stays in America and Canada, many in France, Italy, and Switzerland, in Atlantic and Mediterranean islands, but we want nothing more than to live in peace in the house we first saw two years ago. It is on the slopes of Leth Hill in Surrey, an hour from London and with the world's finest view from our windows."

And me? I'd live in England in the country. Provided that I had enough money to go abroad a lot and remind myself from time to time how much more intelligent are the French, how much harder working the Germans, how much more taste there is in Italy, and how much more opportunity in America, but above all how much I'd rather live here.

— Anne Edwards



Above: One end of the living room with a dividing arch (built by Giles). Giles's wife Joan writes at the table. At her feet: a cocker spaniel.



Right: Living room fireside corner—tropical fish in a tank on the right (built by Giles), Gaudin prints on the walls, tall fireplace (built by Giles).

GLIMPSE INTO GLAMOUR

I HAVE had a fascinating glimpse into the business which is the essence of glamour—the cosmetic industry.

I learned that NO woman is plain if she knows how to use cosmetics, that eye-shadow and mascara which so many people refuse to wear are almost as important as lipstick, that a new lipstick is assured of success if it is a pink-tinted shade, that girls with glasses should wear them as much as possible when applying cosmetics and make up their eyes to suit their glasses, that

By Jean Gamble

only those with black hair should wear black mascara. Maternity styles are youthful, gay, pretty. They're enabled many a celebrated mother-to-be to go on with public appearances right through until the eighth month.

The most becoming styles are those that build up the neck and bustline, balance the figure. Bow, fluffy dummies and artificial flowers are all neck-line helps. As for colour, dark shades are best with light touches around the collar or shoulders.

Out of this number perhaps 50 are accepted for training. Many applicants are teenagers who are invariably told to spend a few years in a good cosmetic

department and try again when they are over 21.

The interview is a very demanding one. Miss Welfare looks for the following points. General appearance—Is she smartly dressed? Is her make-up properly applied, are her hands and nails in good condition? Are her shoes polished and properly heeled? Has she taken the trouble to wear a hat?

Enthusiasm—A girl must have this or she might as well not apply for the position. Training—The more experience she has had of selling all types of cosmetics the better. A minimum of twelve months is essential.

Confidence—I believe this is necessary for any job. Successful applicants spend two weeks in London, one at a training school, the other working under a senior consultant in a large store.

At the training school she learns the theory side of the business, all the various details about the firm's own products and general information about all cosmetics.

Working in a London store she learns how to sell cosmetics, how to adapt her personality to each customer and to consider every customer as an individual.

Miss Welfare believes the best way of breaking down any barrier between consultant and customer is to mention a fashion accessory which the customer is wearing.

At the end of this time she is ready to take charge of her own stand in a cosmetic department. Her duties are to keep the stand clean, display the goods attractively and learn to incorporate original ideas, and keep up her looks in addition to attending to her customers.

On the surface the cosmetic industry may appear to be a frivolous one. Any girl who enters it because she thinks it will be pleasant and easy to spend the day handling bottles of shining nail polish, jars of sweet scented cream and brilliant pink lipsticks will find her ideas very much mistaken.

The job involves a lot of hard work, but she is selling products which are going to make life brighter for everyone who buys them. Every woman knows there is no greater morale booster than a new lipstick.

— JEAN D'ARCY

EXPECTANT MOTHERS SHOULD DEVOTE EXTRA TIME TO GROOMING

LOOK ATTRACTIVE WHILE YOU WAIT

"I'm expecting a baby," writes a reader, "and I'm very happy about it except that I feel awful because I know I'm going to look terrible for the next eight months."

Staff and non-staff! That kind of thinking went out with the Victorians. Thanks to modern fashion and beauty experts, the expectant mother can spend most of her waiting time looking pretty and attractive.

It's normal for the mother-to-be to feel self-conscious as she puts on weight and, as the saying goes, loses her figure. Because it's normal, because she's not the only woman who's ever been through this trying time, it's plain silly of her to develop a complex. Instead of feeling sorry for herself, she should devote extra time to keeping well-groomed.

Most important of all, she must watch her diet. The less weight she puts on, the better her figure and appearance will be during the pregnancy. Her hair should be lawfully arranged. No untidy wisps should make her look unkempt. Make-up application should be carefully done. A bright face will take the focus off her expanding waistline.

Mostly, she should choose her wardrobe carefully. Maternity styles are youthful, gay, pretty. They're enabled many a celebrated mother-to-be to go on with public appearances right through until the eighth month.

The most becoming styles are those that build up the neck and bustline, balance the figure. Bow, fluffy dummies and artificial flowers are all neck-line helps. As for colour, dark shades are best with light touches around the collar or shoulders.

Dresses should be large enough and cut straight, with a flare at the hemline. Large hats and purses are in order. Teenies ones are out of place with a figure that's getting heavier.

Tight-fitting garments should be avoided. The best maternity line is one that falls straight from the bustline. The important rule to follow in choosing maternity dresses is to select the styles that cover up and draw attention away from the temporarily lost waistline.

Our advice to the despondent reader is cheer up! He says, "You'll soon be your old, slim, glamorous self again."

As for these nine months of inflation, don't forget you'll have something very nice to show for them: a new baby!

SIMONETTA, ITALY'S "DESIGNING DUCHESS", ON: THE SECRET OF BEING SMARTLY DRESSED

SIMONETTA, born the Duchess Colonna di Cesaro, is one of Italy's most striking women, and certainly one of her best designers.

Dishcloths, gardeners' aprons, strings and ribbons were the mainstay of the first Simonetta show soon after the liberation. Today, she designs exclusive models for Canadian and American stores, has her salon collection and a distinguished list of clients.

But Simonetta clothes are so essentially wearable that I decided to put to her some of the questions which the average woman might like to ask this Spring. Here they are—together with Simonetta's personal replies.

WHAT'S NEW

Q. What should the ordinary woman look for as "new" this season?

A. "The line is a development from last season. The silhouette is straight and easy-fitting, 'implying' the figure rather than suggesting it. The dress is a few inches above its normal place. The top of figure is soft and round, contrasting with the straight skirt."

straight skirt. Shoulders are natural, sleeves almost always ¾ length for coats and suits. Q. What do you consider a good basic wardrobe?

A. "It should include a tweed or flannel suit, a simple dress—preferably black, a full-skirted strapless cocktail dress with a small bolero, and a topcoat that is not too sporty for both morning and afternoon wear."

GENERAL RULES

Q. Would you emphasize any particular colours, materials or accessories?

A. "Yes—definitely. White, yellows, blues and reds contrast with the basic greys and black in my collection. Soft materials have returned—crepes, tulle, new mixtures of cotton, silk and wool. And I love pastel organdies for full skirted, short evening dresses."

Q. Are you interested in accessories?

A. "They are all-important. This season the brooch is the most noteworthy piece of jewellery—usually placed at the waist and 'accentuating' the figure. The waist is a very important line just now as they complete the simple silhouette. The brooch is a new thing, as the new brooches were few as the new

head has first place. For cocktail and evening wear, I suggest that the collar be complicated by a bun with either flowers or jewels."

Q. Have you any general rules for good dressing?

A. "Yes—a good many. I like basic suits for morning rather than dresses, but tailored as near perfection as you can afford. Tall women can wear anything, especially sheaths and suits, but short women look better in one-piece dresses which don't cut their height. The new Empire look is very flattering for the short woman."

NEVER OBVIOUS

"If you cannot afford a big wardrobe never spend money on crazy, colourful things that can be worn only a few times. Choose good accessories. Good grooming is essential. A working girl must find an easy-to-keep hair-do that always looks tidy and her make-up is also vital."

"Above all—I would say, remember—the smart woman is never obvious." And this simple and practical philosophy of dressing is the secret of Simonetta's great success.

— Jean Wiseman

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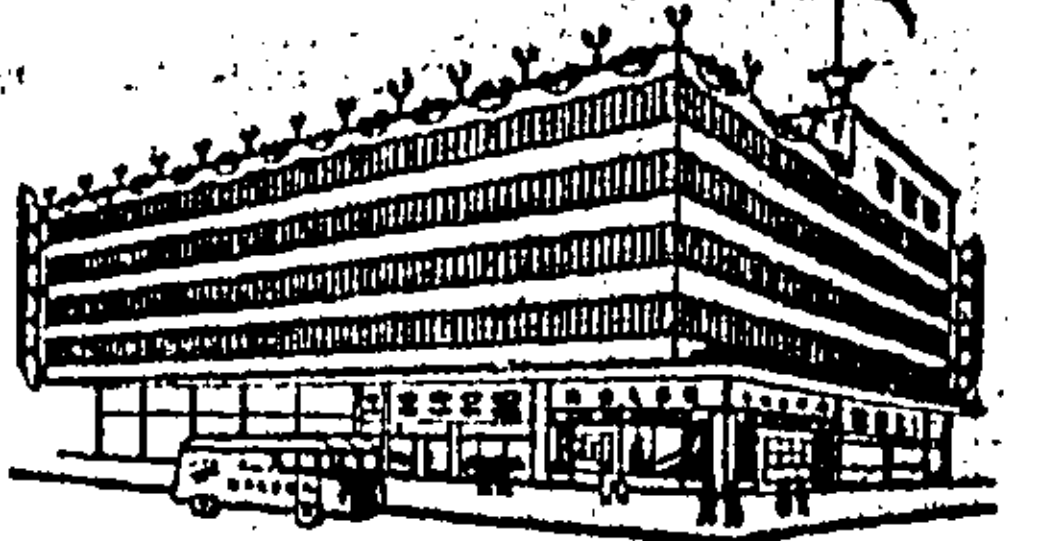
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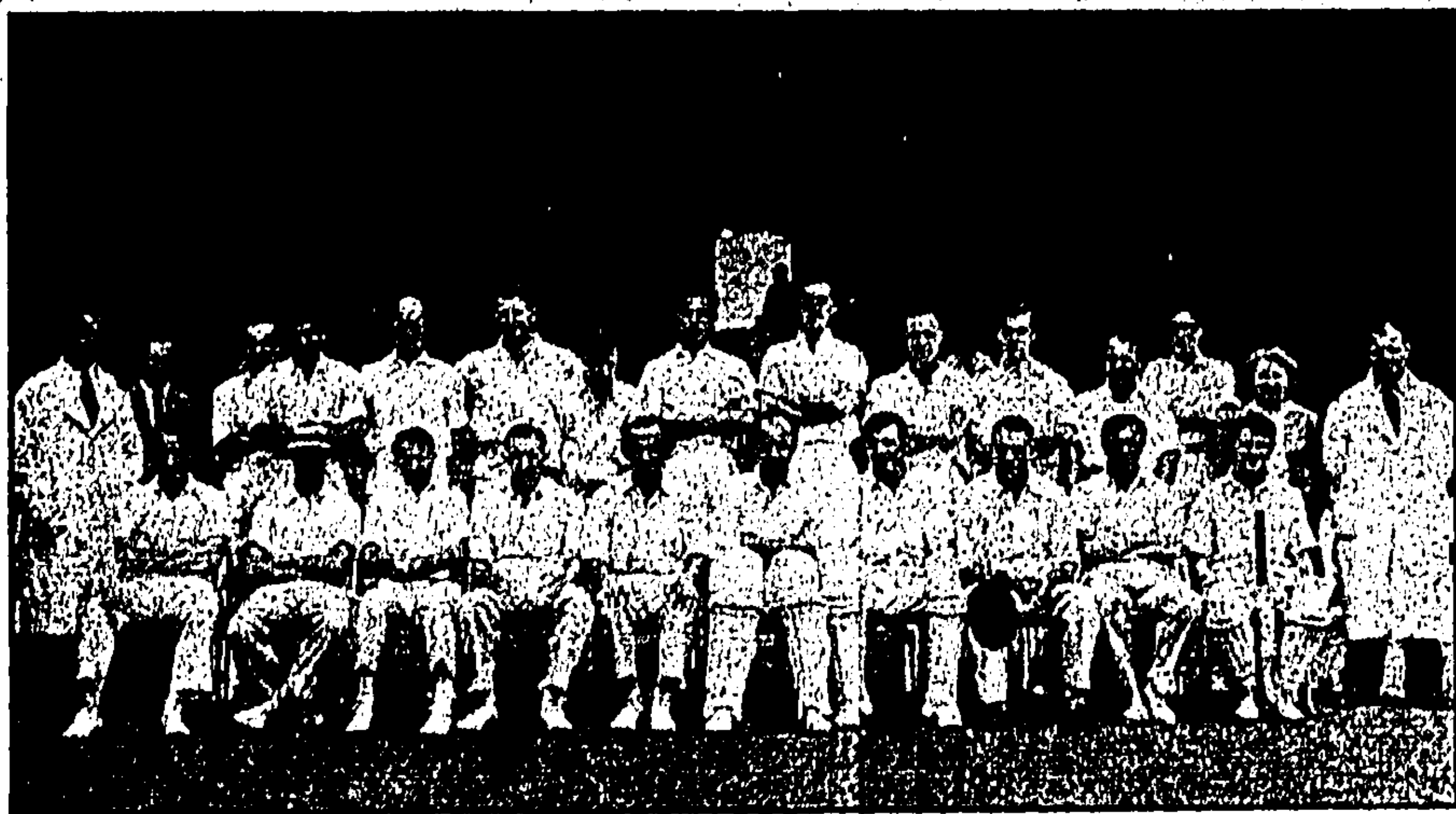
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THE Kowloon Cricket Club retained the Hancock Shield when they beat Hongkong Cricket Club at Chater Road during the Easter holiday. The Shield is for an annual contest between the two clubs. Above are players who took part. (Staff Photographer)



MR Chau lu-nin, the architect, presenting a golden key to Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo, Director of Medical and Health Services, with which he opened the new annexe to the Out-Patients' Department of Tung Wah Hospital. (Staff Photographer)



CAPT. Ian Hyde-Smith and Miss Elizabeth Skinner at their wedding on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Singing star Johnnie Ray interviewed by John Wallace for Radio Hongkong on his brief stop-over here on his way to Tokyo. In centre is Mr A. G. Van Rongen. (Staff Photographer)



THE King's Own "A" team (right) who defeated 27 HAA Regiment to capture the Blarney Stone Shield in the final of the seven-a-side tournament at Happy Valley last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Easter Monday wedding at St John's Cathedral of Mr. Selwyn Eugene Alleyne and Miss Ellie Lynn Wong. (Staff Photographer)



FATHER R. Zeller, who tied for first prize and won third prize in the 16 millimetre advanced class, receiving a trophy from Miss Janet Tomblin at the prizegiving of the Hongkong Amateur Cine Club. In centre is Mr K. A. Watson, President of the Club. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW on the left are athletes of Diocesan Boys' School who crushed strong opposition to win both the senior and intermediate championships in the Inter-Schools Athletic Sports. Next are the girls' champions from King George V School. (Staff Photographer)



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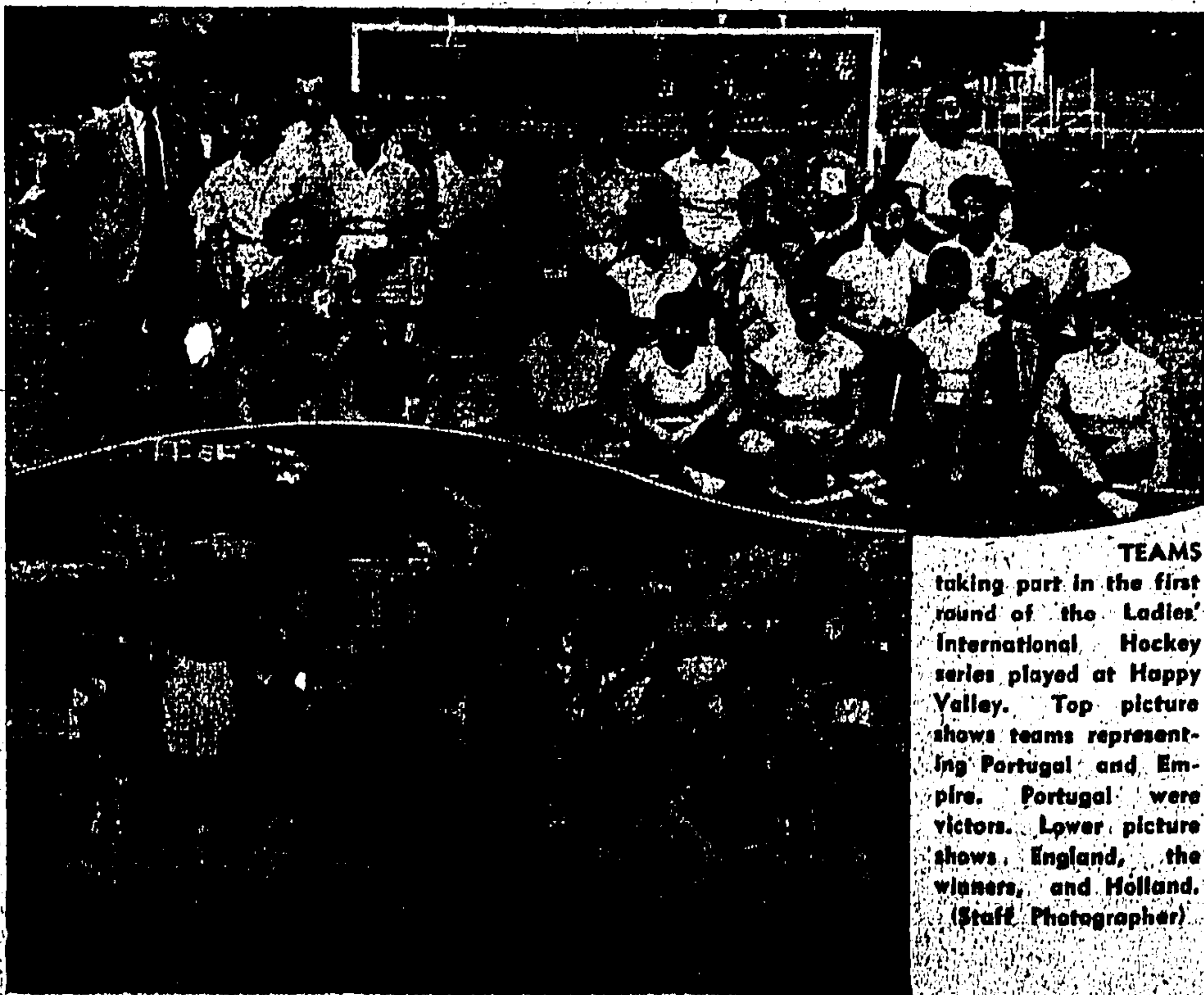
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TEAMS taking part in the first round of the Ladies' International Hockey series played at Happy Valley. Top picture shows teams representing Portugal and Empire. Portugal were victors. Lower picture shows England, the winners, and Holland. (Staff Photographer)

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UN-GRADUATES of the Hong Kong University casting their votes for the new President of their Students' Union. The election took place in Loke Yew Hall. Mr Choy Kim-fun, who succeeds Mr Nelson Young as President, is seen on right being congratulated by his friends. (Staff Photographer)



WEDDING at the Kowloon Union Church last Saturday of Mr William Charles Falconer and Miss Marjorie Patricia Revie. (Staff Photographer)



WELCOMING the Rt Hon. Herbert Stanley Morrison (second from left) at Kai Tak Airport are Mr J. R. Steer, BOAC Sales Manager, Mr R. E. Downing, Acting Airport Manager, and Mr R. White, ADC to HE the Governor. Mr Morrison, former Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, was on his way from Singapore to Tokyo. (Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs. Arthur Abdul Rahmin, who celebrated their silver wedding on Wednesday, photographed with their children. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs B. P. Adarkar, wife of the Commissioner for India, demonstrating the preparation of curry to an interested group at the YWCA last Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Group of prizewinners taken after the Colony badminton finals at the Craighower Cricket Club. (Staff Photographer)



MR Cheung Yan-lung, Chairman of the Shek Wu Hui Chamber of Commerce, presenting a radio set to Mr W. J. Gorman, Chief Fire Officer, for use of the personnel at the Fire Brigade's new sub-station at Sheung Shui. Mr K. M. A. Barnett, District Commissioner, New Territories, who opened the building, is on the left. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Ronnie Holman's first racing victory in Hongkong on Babele at the Easter meeting. The pony is owned by Phyl Boardman and Denis Hazell. (Staff Photographer)



WINNERS in the child health contest sponsored by the United Nations Association of Hongkong, with their proud mothers. Prizes were presented by Mrs K. C. Yee, wife of the Director of Medical and Health Services. (Staff Photographer)



MR Herbert Cheng, son of Mr Y. C. Cheng, of the Chiap Hua Manufactory, Ltd., and Miss Alice Lam, daughter of Mr Lam Chi-fung, at their engagement party held in the Peninsula Hotel. (Malabar)

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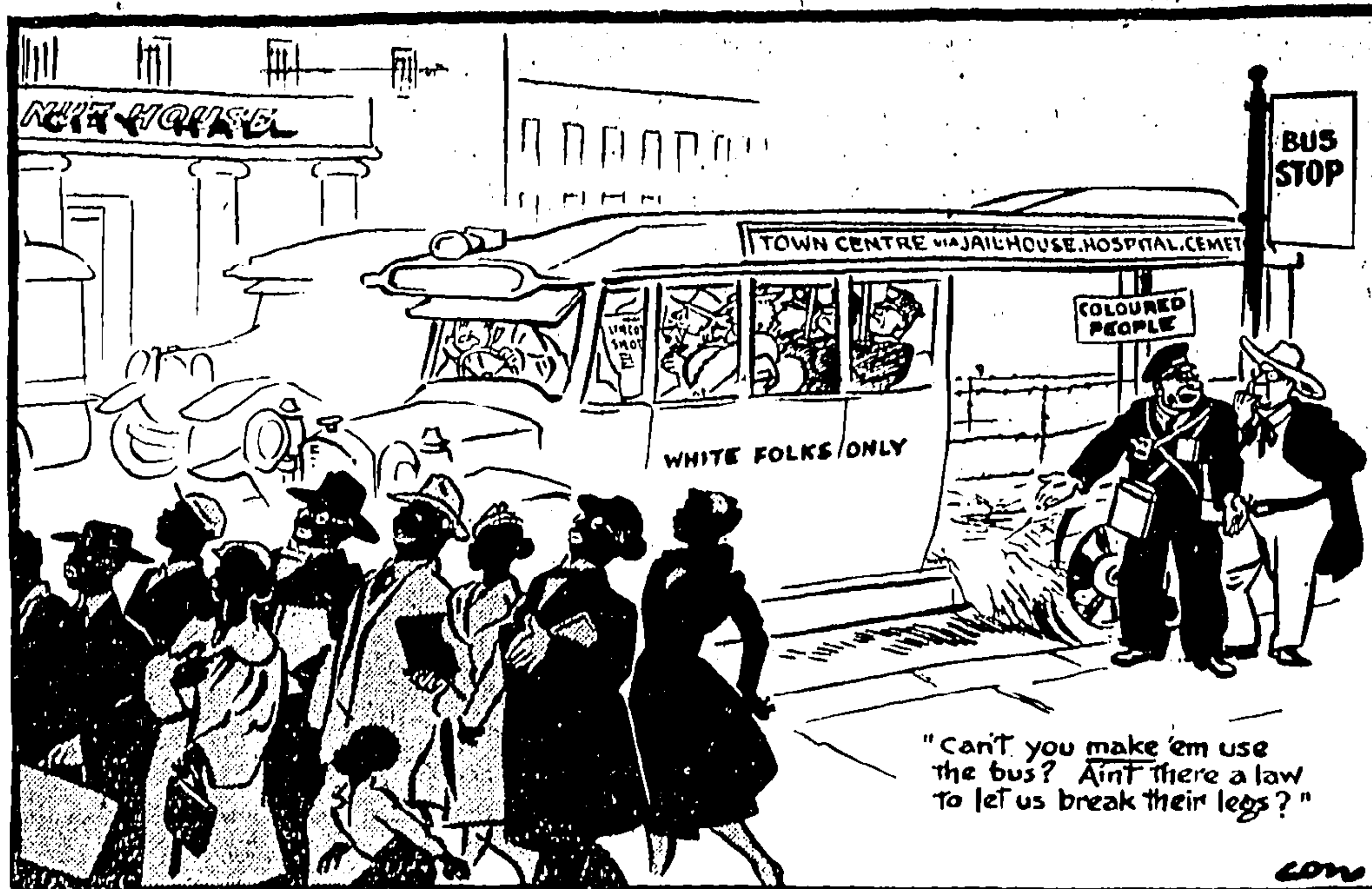
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LOW'S GUIDE TO THE WORLD.-

ALABAMA, U.S.A.

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HE RESTORED THE SOUL TO MAN

By LES ARMOUR

WHAT Thomas Henry Huxley did, Aldous Leonard Huxley has devoted his life to undoing.

If this were a mere act of impiety by a grandson toward his grandfather, it would hardly concern mankind in general. But the truth is that Thomas Henry Huxley ushered in an intellectual revolution which struck at the roots of man's view of himself, and left the intellectuals of two whole generations alone and adrift in a universe in which they could find no resting place. Aldous Huxley has tried to restore man to his old place.

Thomas Huxley, the word "agnostic". He played the name of Darwin across his forehead. He opened the door to the scientific materialism which ultimately proclaimed the universe was not only without value but without values.

Aldous has laboured for years to find a way in which man can again locate his own soul.

His line of attack have been many and various. They range from the burning satire of "Brave New World" and "Ape and Essence" to the quiet explanations of the effects and prospects of the drug mescaline, published in "The Doors of Perception" and his new book, "Heaven and Hell."

Larger, richer

He has cut down the pompous, shattered the know-all, confounded the experts, and exposed the whole pose of Twentieth Century Man with witless cut and thrust. But he has never destroyed for the sake of destroying.

He has cut away the rubble in order to reveal real man as larger and richer figure—Man with a soul, not man the compound of ticking atoms and mechanical formulae.

There is a temptation to describe Huxley as a rebel, except that, in the larger perspective, the label appears patently ridiculous. He has always been on the side of tradition—on the side of the mystics, the divines of the great religions, the philosophers of antiquity. He is, in fact, fit the proper sense of that word, a reactionary.

He was born on July 20, 1894, the son of Leonard Huxley and Julia Arnold, a descendant of Matthew Arnold.

He went to Eton and then to Balliol College, Oxford. He wanted to be a philosopher. But his eyesight frustrated him. At one time, during his years at Balliol, he had to read in Braille. Philosophical works are not printed in Braille and no one had yet devised a Braille alphabet for ancient Greek, so he was forced into English literature instead.

Those years when he could hardly see left a deep and bitter impression on him. He had been taught, in the tradition of his grandfather, that the rational ideal was the "man who was perfect physically, had perfect mental." The whole aim of mankind, it seemed, could

have any intelligent aim at all, must be animal perfection. Huxley realised early that he could never be a perfect animal. It was that which turned him back to the older ideal—the ideal of Christianity and all the great religions. Man, to the divines, was always imperfect, always half-broken. He was in the world not to achieve animal perfection but to strive after spiritual perfection.

Thereafter, Aldous Huxley's only concern was with his battle tactics. He first erupted in print, in 1910, with a volume of poetry—gentle, mocking poetry which now and then exploded in a violent scourge of the straw structure of modern man.

Principal weapons

Two more volumes of poetry followed. They were successful, at least, as poetry ever can be. They shocked the gentle dilettantes who buy volumes of poetry, but succeeded in no more than any other poetry in attracting the readers to whom Huxley wanted to talk.

He abandoned poetry accordingly—abandoned it with no more apparent regret than a soldier would feel at abandoning a rifle for a more effective sub-machine gun.

He came back to it occasionally—when he felt the need of a sniping weapon—but, since then, his principal weapons have been the novel and the serious treatise.

His early novels were satirical onslaughts on the intellectual world he knew best—biting, amusing, widely read, but somehow lacking the essential explosive element to accomplish the mission.

It was not until 1932 that Huxley crashed through the enemy's defences with "Brave New World." The novel was the first of a pattern which has now become familiar, but it was revolutionary in its effect.

Huxley's attack was simple. He simply took the scientific wonderland which the enemy aimed at achieving and exposed it to the full glare of public analysis. He pictured a society in which man had become so perfect an animal that he was indistinguishable from a machine—a society in which order had replaced chaos to the point where society was a simple clockwork machine, in which man had so long believed that he did not have a soul that he had reached the point where he really did not have a soul.

More powerful

He repeated the assault, with even more powerful explosive, in his post-World War II vision of the atomic cataclysm "Ape and Essence."

Assault, however, was necessarily only half of Huxley's programme. In addition to destroying the enemy's fortifications he had to make plain the truth that destruction was intended to reveal. His first serious philosophical treatise, "Ends and Means," appeared in 1927, five years after "Brave New World."

He hit the headlines the other day by getting married in Gretna Green style at the age of 61 to a 40-year-old Italian violinist, Laura Rachera. The Brave New World author and his bride drove 300 miles to Yuma, in the Arizona desert, and "simply got married" in the "Drive-in Wedding Chapel." Highbrow Huxley (Eton and Oxford) is writing scenarios for Hollywood. But he has also added another book to the long list standing to his name—"Heaven and Hell." Les Armour provides a new appraisal of a great Twentieth Century personality.



In it he attempted to chart again for modern man some of the wisdom of the mystics. He emphasised the central point of the great mystics—the everyday world around us is only a fraction of the real world. Beyond it lie vast uncharted realms of the mind. And, because our world of everyday waking experience is only a fraction which we take to be the whole, that everyday world appears distorted.

Beyond is a world in which values can be perceived directly and which is permanent, stable and ordered—in which the Divine Plan and even God Himself may be revealed to the willing observer.

To attain knowledge of this broader, bigger world is no easy matter. It requires a detachment from the bustle and bustle of biological necessity, from the weary round of eating, sleeping and procreating. It requires discipline, meditation, and prolonged concentration.

The great mystics had to undergo physical tortures and suffer untold mental agonies to achieve the desired end.

Huxley charted their course admirably.

But he recognised one major flaw in his plan. Modern man is not on the whole prepared to undergo these privations. And his scientific temperament makes him distrust anything which he cannot test for himself at first hand.

That explains Huxley's experiments with alkali mescal.

Mescaline—as the drug is better known—has long been a star-drug of certain tribes of American Indians. They have always used it to transport themselves into the other broader world—the world where the lines are drawn sharper and clearer, where things stand out in their own right, where the works of God are more directly manifest.

It is relatively simple to take, it works quickly, it is harmless. It does part of the job.

It is not wholly effective, however. It takes man into a new realm of visual experience—a realm which cannot be described in words. But it does not reveal the direct contact with

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

MUSIC OUT OF MISERY

NOWADAYS, a song hit can make a small fortune for the composer. Yet most of the creators of classical music were lucky if they could afford to eat.

Franz Schubert was one who attributed his music to "my genius and my misery." His parents were terribly poor, which, considering they had nineteen children to bring up, is not to be wondered at.

But genius will out, and Schubert became a composer at eleven. He also became Germany's greatest writer of classical songs—more than 500 of them. Unfortunately, some of his finest songs were sold for the price of a meal.

Schubert's life was a succession of ailments and disappointments, and he suffered grinding poverty before he died at the age of only 32.

Another poor genius was Wolfgang Mozart. Born in 1756, he was only five when he composed a minuet. Although he romped as a child with a little princess, Marie Antoinette, who became Queen of France, Mozart was destined to poverty.

One winter day, a friend found the composer and his wife waltzing round the room. "We were cold," they said, "and we have no wood for a fire."

In spite of all this hardship, Mozart produced 789 compositions before he died, still under 40.

Mozart's end was poignant. Taken ill in 1791, he wrote a famous Requiem as his condition worsened, and had it sung around his death-bed to hear its effect. His body was put in a pauper's grave, and as a terrible storm arose on the day of the funeral, only the undertaker and his men were at the cemetery to see him buried.

Years later, when Mozart's genius was remembered, nobody could identify his grave, and the monument to him in Vienna Cemetery stands over an empty grave.

TWICE WENT BANKRUPT

One composer who did make money—and gave a lot of it to charity—was George Handel, the son of a barber. But even he had his failures and was twice bankrupt. He settled in London and turned from writing operas to his famous oratorios.

Handel was called the man who set the Bible to music—and he very nearly did. Altogether, he wrote more than 20 oratorios, including "The Messiah"—which takes over two hours to sing—in only 23 days.

When Handel died, in 1759, he was not forgotten like Mozart. His body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey—a signal honour for a naturalised Briton.

So poor were the parents of Franz Haydn that he had to leave school and earn his living as a child. The family lived in a wretched farmhouse, but unlike most composers Haydn did receive encouragement from his peasant father. He was even flogged when things went wrong. In later years, Haydn's sonatas took the fancy of a wealthy countess, and she introduced him to pupils who paid well.

HYMN OF DEFIANCE

When Haydn was dying in Vienna in 1809, the French were bombarding the town. Although everyone around him was terrified, he took it all very calmly and asked to be lifted from his bed to the piano. While guns thundered outside, he played his famous "Austrian Hymn" over and over again.

At that very moment, another great composer, Ludwig van Beethoven, was crouched in a cellar with cotton-wool in his ears. Not that he was afraid of the guns, but he feared that the explosions would add to his increasing deafness. He did, in fact, become almost totally deaf, and never heard some of his own great compositions.

Poet of the piano, Frederic Chopin, wrote dreamy, romantic music, yet struggled for years against disease and weakness until he died at 40.

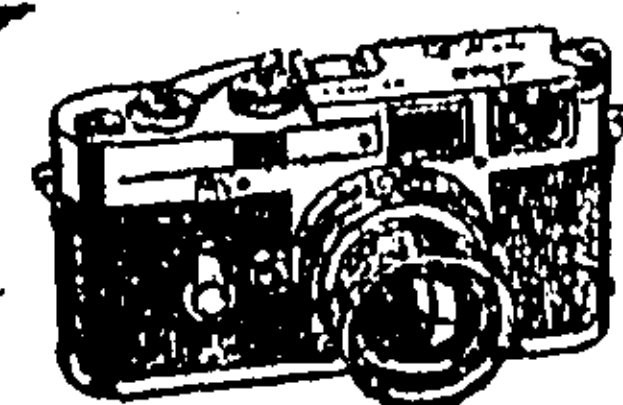
Perhaps the composer who had the easiest start in life was Robert Schumann. His father was a successful publisher. Unfortunately, Robert's troubles came later. There was insanity in the family. His sister died at 20 from incurable melancholy, and the composer spent his last years in an asylum after trying to drown himself in the Rhine.

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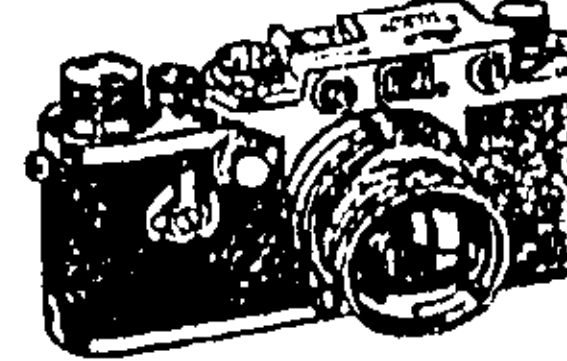
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SINGAPOREANS DON'T WANT "INDEPENDENCE"

From RUSSELL SPURR

NEVER before have Singaporeans been so angry. They are bombarding the local Press with letters pleading that Premier David Marshall shall not be allowed "Independence." And the overwhelming majority of these protests are from Asians.

Typical of the frenzied appeals: "Already this island has been brought near to disaster. When the British hand over power they must do it in the knowledge that the lives of 1,250,000 citizens are not going to be sacrificed."

The week-end fiasco in which Communists took hold of a Marshall rally, charged the police and forced Singapore Ministers to take cover in locked rooms, has infuriated local people and mightily impressed the visiting delegation of British MPs, including Mr Herbert Morrison, and Mr Geoffrey Lloyd.

The Straits Times commented: "Singapore's Labour Government must cease its muck-battle with colonial oppression and by sane and good government now remove the chill of fear which is beginning to grip all of Singapore which does not yet owe allegiance to Communism." The Chinese-owned Singapore Standard said: "This is the

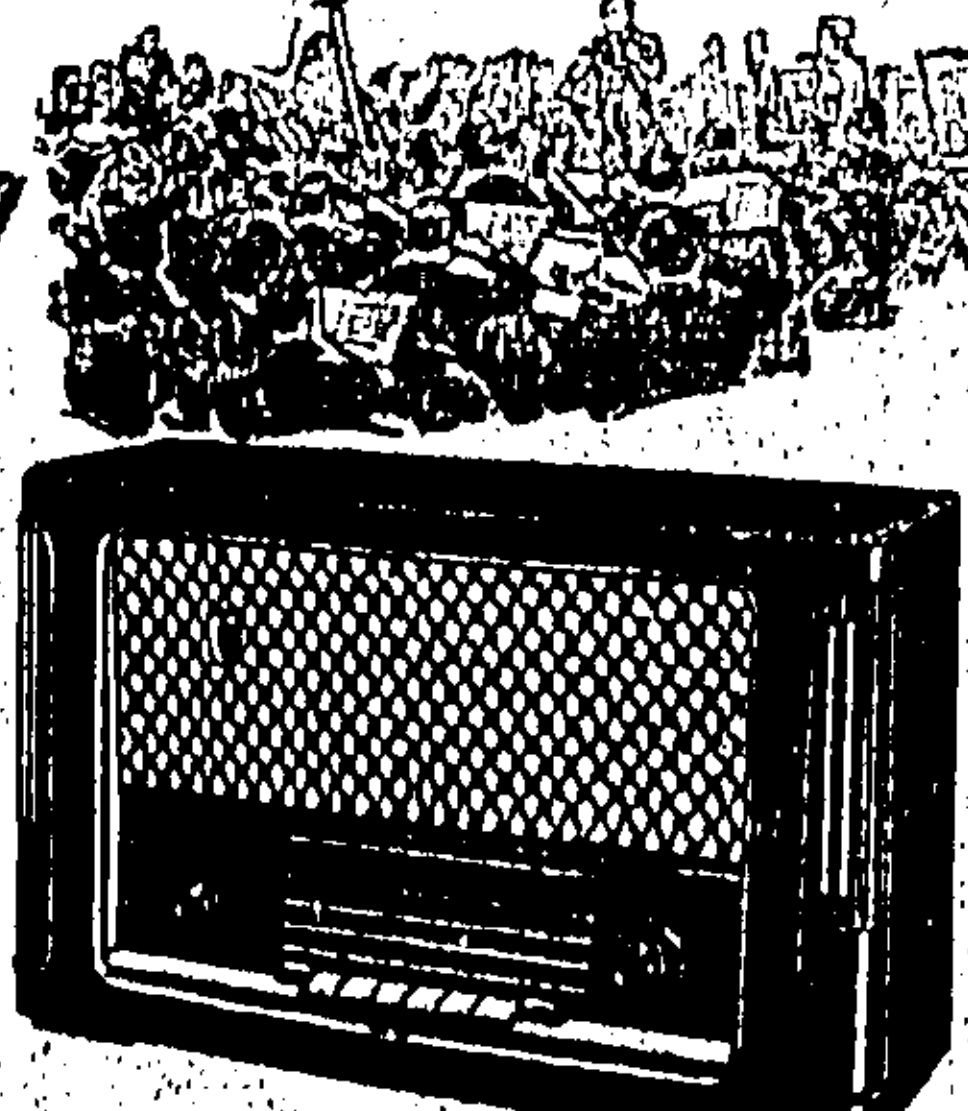
shape of things to come if Marshall and his associates are allowed to continue to lead this island to ruin and destruction. How can the parliamentary delegates who have happened since they arrived in the colony as evidence of Singapore's readiness and ability to run its own affairs? Marshall has warned that the failure of his mission to London next month, to see independence what will result in another Cyprus. But we see the possibility of another British Guiana."

An Indian resident told a correspondent that he could get 100,000 signatures from his district alone, "all of them vehemently protesting against the self-government."

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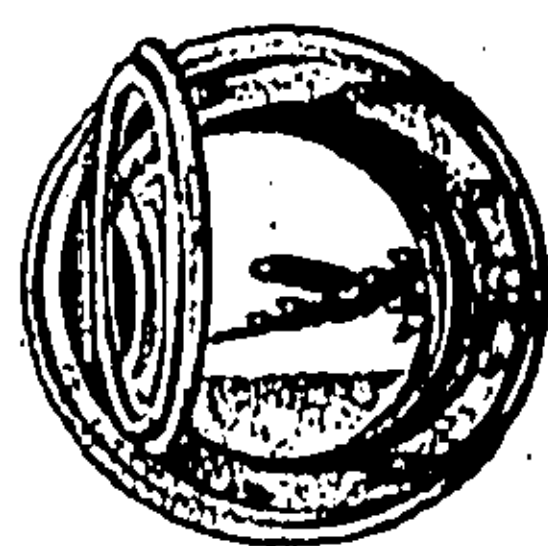


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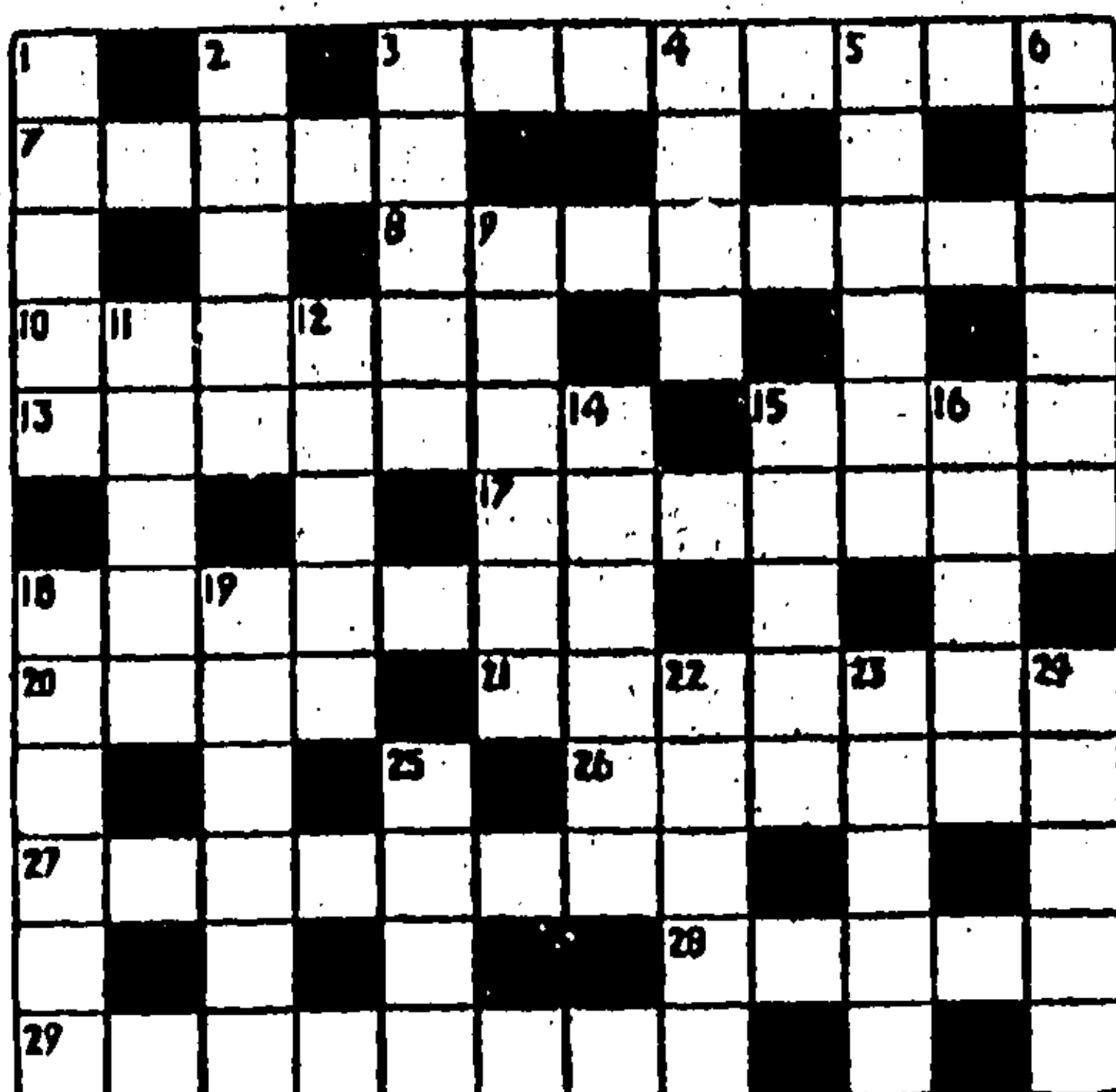
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A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Muse (8).
7 Confused flight (5).
8 Bought back (8).
10 Attic (6).
13 Helps (7).
15 Never again (4).
17 Comes out (7).
18 Hermit (7).
20 Unemployed (4).
21 Narrowed towards the point (7).
26 Enjoy (6).
27 Silent monk (8).
28 Permit (5).
29 Remaining (6).

DOWN

- 1 Last letter of Greek alphabet (5).
2 Stigmas (5).
3 Lakes (5).
4 Current month (abbrev.) (4).
5 Equipping (6).
6 Circulates (6).
9 Bear witness (6).
11 Requested (5).
12 Plunder (5).
14 Daubs (6).
15 Kind of window (5).
16 Yields (5).
18 Disturber of the peace (6).
19 Freen from dirt (6).
22 Part of a flower (5).
23 Brooks (5).
24 Arab vessels (5).
25 Muddled (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1. Apper, 3. Damps, 8. Vagon, 9. Agrees, 10. Nurse, 11. Rival, 12. Eels, 13. Tense, 16. Delect, 18. Needed, 20. Seers, 22. Wile, 23. Hime, 25. Dear, 26. Easter, 27. Never, 28. Heeds, 29. Shared. Down: 1. Amateurs, 2. Park Lane, 3. Avert, 4. Revised, 5. Donated, 6. Anulet, 7. Peas, 14. Register, 15. Endear, 16. Desires, 17. Leases, 18. Errand, 21. Eerie, 24. Earn.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦ BOOKS ♦

'W.G.' WAS BOWLED FOR SINGLE FIGURES... IN NEW YORK

By J. P. W. Mallalieu, MP

THE first time I saw Don Bradman bat was in Hyde Park. Even more oddly, this Hyde Park was in Chicago.

I knew, even then, that cricket was still played on the Eastern seaboard. Indeed, I had myself played five years previously against the Haverford College team which came from Philadelphia to tour English public schools.

But it was news to me that anyone played cricket in the Middle West, that most aggressively American section of the whole United States. Yet here, in 1932, was an Australian touring side playing an eleven drawn from some half dozen clubs in Illinois.

I was even more surprised when 21 years later, an American, announcing that he had once played "on" a Gentlemen of England team, flew from the United States solely to see the second Test match at Lord's and, a year later, despite a serious operation, flew to Australia



solely to see the second Test match at Sydney.

Now this American, Henry Sayer, has written a book* which takes away some of the surprise; for it shows that cricket in America has a history which is long and by no means over.

Mr Sayer tells of Abraham Lincoln watching a match in 1840, of W. G. Grace twice being bowled in New York for single figures, of Australian touring teams being beaten in Philadelphia, of Test matches between the United States and Canada and of J. Barton King, the American "W. G.," whom C. B. Fry calls "the best swifter I ever saw in my life."

Indeed, until the Civil War cricket was the summer game in the United States and though, thereafter, baseball, giving more immediate and more spectacular diversion and needing much less preparation of pitches, pushed it into the background in the post-war years, it did not swamp it.

Latterly one has heard of cricket in America mainly in terms of Sir C. Aubrey Smith's famous team in Hollywood—and that was mainly composed of such Englishmen as Ronald Colman and Boris Karloff.

But cricket, of a sort, has persisted from Coast to Coast and though Mr Sayer, who is nearly as earnest about cricket as Billy Graham is about religion, may be letting his wishes

run away with him, it does seem as though now there are signs of real revival.

This is partly due to increased arrivals of University students from cricketing countries such as the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. It is partly due to the increased staffs of British Service and United Nations delegations.

But even more it is due to the fact that baseball is now only of interest as a professional game. Few spectators nowadays bother to watch amateur University games and no one plays baseball, except as a professional, after leaving school or university.

This lack of a team game which men can play as opposed to watch after they have begun to earn their living, has revived enough interest in cricket for the University of Pennsylvania to re-establish it as an official game, for numerous clubs to appoint full-time coaches and for some schools to adopt it under the influence of English masters visiting the United States under the teacher-exchange plan.

All this is satisfactory. And yet I have doubts. It is not enough that I should be shocked to hear an American wicket-keeper at Lord's shouting what he did recently shout in Baltimore—"Gee, buddy, grease that old pill right in here."

Far worse is the fear that Americans, with their thorough attention to detail, will quickly reduce us to a second-class cricketing power, remove the MCC headquarters to Washington and then change the game. I know beyond recognition.

By NANCY SPAIN

What's The Difference?

I HAVE been making a collection of millionaires this year. Millionaires are always news. So I am very glad to add a multi-millionaire in fiction, CASH MCCALL (Hammond and Hammond, 19s.), the hero of a 440-page novel by Cameron Hawley.

Fifty-year-old Cameron Hawley is an American business man who writes TV plays, magazine stories, and film scripts on the side. The first novel he wrote about big business, "Executive Suite," was a best-seller. (Remember the movie with Barbara Stanwyck in 1954?) So he has followed it up, quick as a flash, with "Cash McCall."

Cash McCall is tall, lissom, terribly ruthless and full of negligent accomplishments. He has made his money a nice, modern way. He buys struggling little companies that are running into tax difficulties. And he sells them again, quickly, to a bigger company that might quite easily like a big loss. Quite often he owns the bigger company too.

WITH LORY
He began his gambling climb to wealth because he didn't like a sanctimonious speech his Dad made about wallpaper at a wallpaper convention.

And, of course, Cash falls in love. He loves Lory, a beautiful book illustrator, daughter of the president of Suffolk Mouldings. (S. M. makes nasty sounding plastic cabinets for TV sets.)

I am sorry to say that love warps Cash McCall's business sense. He buys Suffolk Mouldings for \$2,200,000 and resells it for \$3,000,000. And so far as I can make out he sells it to himself. Either was his enemies try hard to bring suit against him for conspiracy.

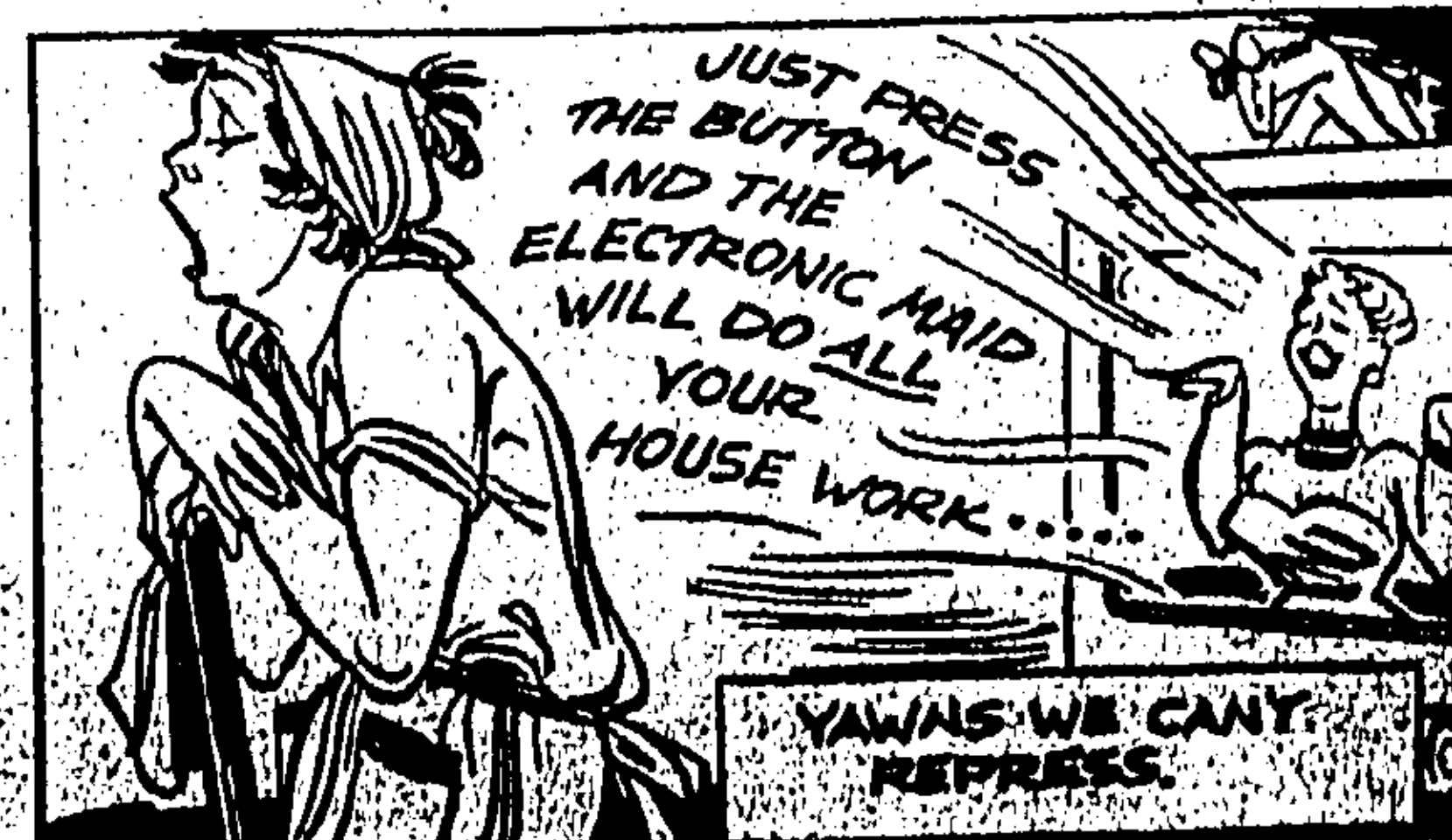
Cash hardly notices because he is crushing Lory to him in the converted bomber at the time, where "the whispering of her name was a microphoned roar in her ear," and "the return of conscious thought came with a crash" (the high pitch of madness) "the slow pitch of fear, but clean and honest and true, and inescapable."

Which goes to show that if my favourite author, Ethel M. Dell, had written of Romance among the Tax Evaders she couldn't have done much better.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Came The Yawn

BY HARRY WEINERT



YAWNS WE CAN'T REPRESS

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail — A "China Mail" Feature

Army Music Makers: News Of Talent Show

Monday's recital from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong will be given by "The North Staffordshire Chamber Group", under their bandmaster, Mr L. Camplin, ARCM, and by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Lt-Col. M. J. Perreau.

The Chamber Group was formed about six months ago under Mr L. Camplin, and has given several public performances in Hongkong. Four members of the quintet play regularly with both the Hongkong Concert Orchestra, and with the Sino-British Orchestra. On Monday, the Group have as their guest artist flautist Dr K. C. Wong — well known in local musical circles.

Their programme includes *Allegro Moderato* from "Six Quartets" by Rossini; an *overture in B flat major* for flute, clarinet, horn and bassoon by Lucien Crillet, and 3rd movement from *Siegfried Karg-Elert's 1st Quintet in C Minor, Opus 30*.

Tomorrow evening listeners can hear a programme by the BBC Symphony Orchestra, taken from a concert given in Peterborough Cathedral. It consists of two works, both by British composers — An English Rhapsody, Bridge Fair, by Delius, and Vaughan Williams' Symphony No. 5 in D.

"Beginner's Pleasure" — Hilary Green — producer of Radio Hongkong's amateur talent show "Beginner's Pleasure" — will be holding the first audition for a new series of these variety shows on April 18. Anyone who would like to do a turn in one of these shows, and has not already appeared in the first series should write to Miss Green, "Beginner's Pleasure", Radio Hongkong, Post Office Box 200, and she will arrange an audition.

"Beginner's Pleasure" — 2nd series, will be on the air every Thursday at 8.45 p.m. for seven weeks, beginning on Thursday, April 26. The programmes will be competitive, and the winners who will be chosen by the studio audience and a panel of judges, will compete in the finals for cash prizes.

"Going To The Pictures" — Two outstanding Gaiety films are being held in the Colony next week on Wednesday — "Guys and Dolls" — at the Hoover Theatre, at which Samuel Goldwyn will be present, and star of the show, Marlon Brando.

The following evening, at the New York Theatre — in aid of Earl Hall's Fund, "The Lady Killers", starring Alec Guinness, and Katie Johnston, white-haired winner of last year's British Film Academy Award for the best actress.

These two long-awaited films will be reviewed in special extra edition of "Going to the Pictures" on Friday evening at 8.15 — when the critics will be Frank Miller, Timothy Birch, and Audrey Mendes in the Chair.

"Students' Guide" — Many young people are excitedly beginning to make their plans for a trip to England — possibly to learn music, join a technical college, or enter one of the Universities there.

What a problem! It's always a bit of a headache even to pack even for a short holiday, so the business of deciding what and what not to discard for such a venture is indeed a serious matter.

To try and offer some helpful advice to prospective travellers to England, a series of talks has been arranged over Radio Hongkong — one can be heard at five minutes to seven on Wednesday, which will endeavour to give students some idea of what it would be better to buy here, or wait and buy in England; how to find good accommodation; what to do about money; and a host of other vital bits of information. The talks will be given by Janet Tomblin, and the programme is presented by the British Council.

"Just for You" — Paula, whom some listeners may remember presenting Hospital Requests last year, has returned to the Colony after long leave in Europe, and will be in the studio of Radio Hongkong at 2 o'clock this afternoon to present the first of her new series of request programmes, "Just for You".

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second).

Today

1.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
1.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
2.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.15 FORCES' PROGRAMME.
2.30 JAZZ FOR YOU.

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This Week's BBC Highlights

A play which the BBC's 'Radio Theatre' presents this week, 'Miss Mole', will be broadcast on Wednesday at 11.15 p.m., with Gladys Young and Carleton Hobbs in the leading roles. The play is a dramatised version by Then Holme, of Miss E. H. Young's novel of the same name.

The story follows, with its own refreshing deviations, a whole lot of programmes for the basic 'Cinderella' plot, but from BBC, in the form of a dialogue it engages a personage, Miss Mole, who faces her own situation, and the characters of her friends, with a frankness and honesty which lend a pleasantly acid flavour to what might have been a purely romantic story. This witty, lovable, yet at times quite formidable character, rising above her apparent failure in life, and her perhaps foolish day dreams — is strikingly portrayed by Gladys Young.

So far in this series of conversations with famous Test cricketers, Brian Johnston has confined himself to English Test players. This week he will be talking to an Australian, Ben Barnett. Barnett is now in business in England, but he kept wicket for Victoria, and toured England with the Australian sides in 1934 and 1938, keeping wicket in all four of the Test matches during the latter series. The programme will be broadcast in the General Overseas Service on Friday at 6.30 p.m.

GRANDS GINGOLD — The return of London's only lady writer to the General Overseas Service is always a welcome event; and the first edition of a new series of her, at times, almost sinister light entertainment will be broadcast on Wednesday at 9.15 p.m.

Listeners will again meet the Doan family in their home, just household pets, and the domestic help is heard but never speaks. Searching light will be thrown on historical characters in a series of interviews, and housewives will get some invaluable hints on many which most of them would shudder to contemplate. In other words, the mixture is before.

On his return to India, Niran Chaudhuri under the general

auspices of the British Council

and accompanied by a BBC pro-

ducer, he was introduced to

much of contemporary Britain;

Shakespeare at Stratford, opera

at Covent Garden, music at the

Royal Festival Hall, and politics

at question time in the House of

Commons. Stately Homes,

housing estates and slums;

churches and museums;

factories and English coun-

tryside. All these he saw.

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FERD'NAND



By Milk



By Milk



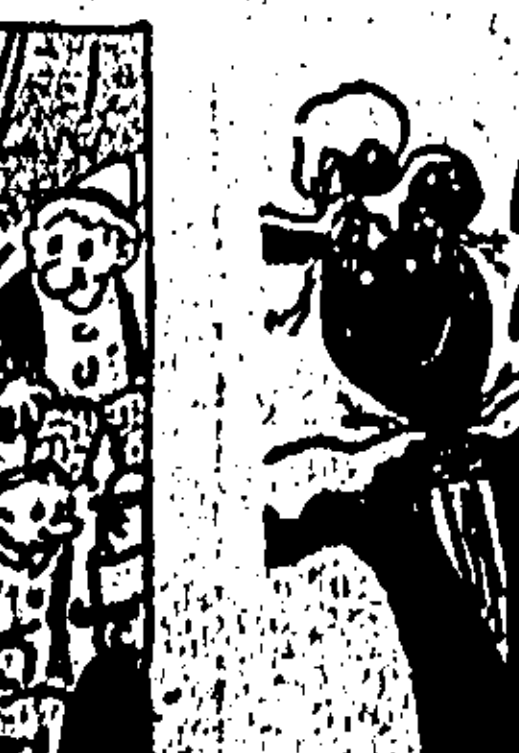
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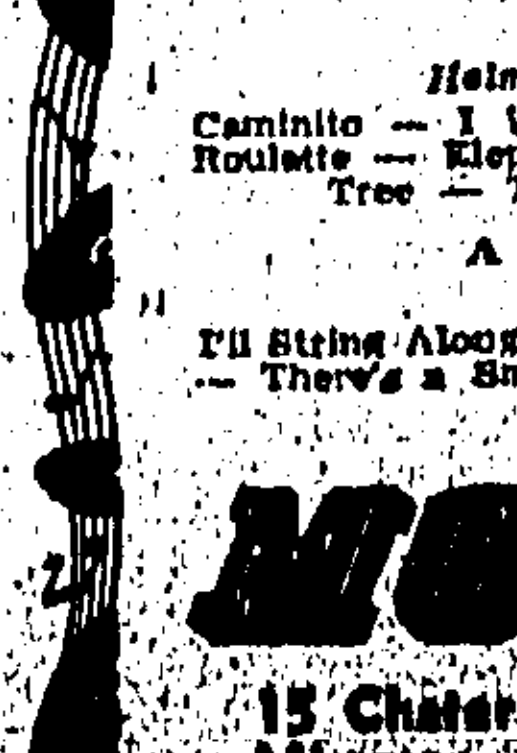
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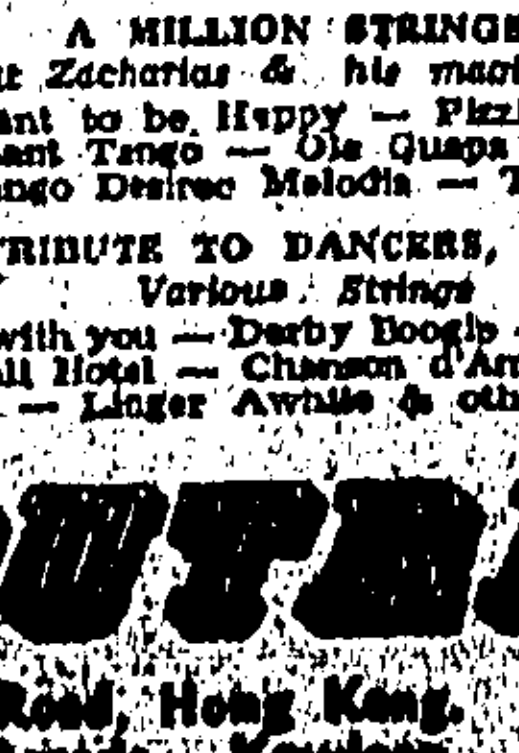
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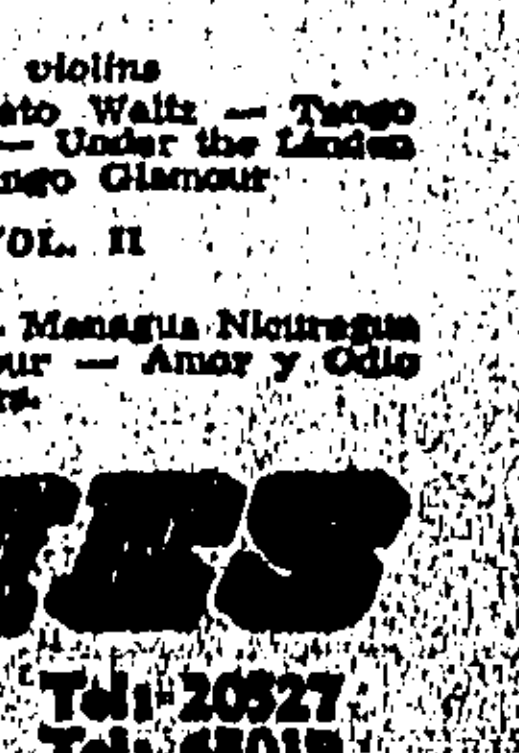
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A New Selection of Popular Music on POLYDOR

Long Playing Continental Recordings

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

IS THIS THE REAL CAUSE OF THE LOOSENESS IN HONGKONG'S DEFENCE?

Asks I. M. MacTAVISH

Our 1956 mission to Macao has been successfully accomplished. The Hongkong players displayed a rich sense of enthusiasm that was good to see, and at times their almost uncanny switching of position and brilliant inter-passing spread bewilderment among our footballing friends in the Portuguese Colony.

Personally I felt that goals came much too easily for us to see our boys at their best. I believe they could have accepted and overcome a much stronger challenge than that provided by this season's Macao side whose edge was blunted all too easily, and whose greatest attributes were a high sense of sportsmanship and an unwillingness to be overruled by the opposition.

On the other side of the account, however, was the fact that we also lost goals much too easily. Our defenders were sound and clever as individuals but once again the "sixth-sense" understanding that is so vital to successful combined operations was sadly missing.

When Madeira scored Macao's first goal, black looks were exchanged among four of the Hongkong players. When Rocha collected the second one—and what a soft one it was—the pointing figure made when he appeared. All when the Asians got the third one, arms were flung high in disgust; re-examination was all too obvious, and even after play had restarted the defenders were still "telling" each other just how, why, and where the blame lay.

VASTLY SUPERIOR
Our victory should have been much more clean cut than it was. Our forward line—Sato, Man, excepted—was vastly superior to the Macao front five but they did not always get the right kind of service from behind.

Strangely enough I believe Hongkong's finest footballer, Chow Man-cho, is the major in the present defensive woodpile. Brilliant in possession, delightful in distribution, Chow is no longer able to produce the necessary mobility to get quickly to the ball. This is putting the defence out of shape.

At Macao, Ko Po-keung was continually moving over to his left, and Lau Yee was always coming just that little bit further forward than one would normally have expected him to do.

These indications of instinctive covering show that there

is a mounting feeling of uncertainty permeating through the defensive layers and it is to this that I attribute the current looseness.

When the team is on top and things are going well, the symptoms are partially hidden, but they are soon very obvious when the strain is on.

In the first 20 minutes of the Macao Interport, Chow Man-cho covered miles trying—generally without success—to make contact with the ball. He was constantly being pulled out of position by the long passes of the speedy Portuguese boys and Ko Po-keung and Lau Yee were given a lot of additional retrieving to do.

As the game settled down and the pace slackened, the little maestro came right into the picture. All the familiar mannerisms were there and when in possession he looked the complete footballer.

Comment has been made in both sections of the local press about the facilities provided for our players when they arrived in Macao and it has been suggested that it is wrong to criticise or comment on these until an official report has been considered by the HKFA.

NO SECRET
There may be more than just a modicum of justification in the point of view, but I can only say that the players are human and free to voice their opinion.

and several of them made no secret of the fact that they were far from satisfied with conditions as they found them. I feel that I would be betraying trusts if I allowed myself to be drawn into any controversy on this matter at this time.

Knowing something at first hand

of the circumstances and also having a full appreciation of the officials who accompanied the team to Macao I am content to leave it to their official report to tell the story.

One of the most controversial subjects of discussion at Macao during the week-end concerned the wisdom of the Hongkong Schools Football Association's decision to play their Interport encounter against the Macao schoolboys in rubber footwear. Instead of the conventional boots which our boys normally wear in Hongkong.

According to the comments made to me it appears that the suggestion to wear rubber shoes came from the Macao people who have apparently been running schools' football for only a short time.

In spite of the fact that the Hongkong side looked a much better one than the opposition, as far as the skills of the game were concerned, they were beaten by the odd goal in three. . . and I am quite convinced in my own mind that the completely unfamiliar footwear made all the difference.

I do not wish to detract one iota from the success of the Macao boys. They played surprisingly well and on the day they deserved to win, but they must find it a little difficult to enjoy a full measure of pleasure from the victory.

Some folks will probably jump at me with the comments that it was only a schoolboys' game, so what difference did the footwear, or the result, make. . . and my reply is equally emphatic. Football, as we know it, is played in accordance with an accepted code of laws, and our schoolboys are advancing their knowledge of the game not only within that code but also within a framework of conventions and traditions.

TOTALLY UNSUITABLE
It is unthinkable that our youngsters would go outside the Colony and agree to play cricket or hockey with a tennis ball, or box without gloves, or play basketball with a ball just a little bit smaller than the accepted pattern, why then should they be expected to play in an important Interport football match with footwear that was totally unsuitable for the job in hand?

Time after time one could see the Hongkong boys trying to get the leverage their studs usually give, only to remember too late that they were in rubbers. Having become used to studs this placed our boys at a considerable disadvantage and, with due respect to my many friends in Hongkong Schools' football for whom I have the greatest regard, I make no bones about the fact that I am on the side of the many good people who feel that the decision to agree to the Macao request was a retrograde one. Playing the match in shoes benefited no one.

I say all that in spite of having heard many arguments in favour of the decision. These arguments, however, were based more on sympathy for the circumstances which precipitated the Macao proposal than on a consideration of the football factors involved.

I do have sympathy with the circumstances as they were told to me but I believe a different solution could have been found without making this compromising precedent.

RIGHT IDEAS
But let us forget the organization side for a moment and pay tribute to young Chan Cheuk-wing (Aberdeen) who played in this Hongkong goal. This boy has the right sort of ideas and the correct temperament to reach this top.

He started off in nervous and uncertain fashion but his second half display showed that he was a goalkeeper of very definite promise and ability. His sense of positioning and his sure clutching—particularly of a cross ball—had the stamp of class and I think we shall hear more about him in the years to come.

The team as a whole played well and the selectors are to be congratulated on a good job. The officials who accompanied the boys got through a lot of hard work in an unobtrusive way and earned the admiration of all who were present.

The Colony is starved of senior football and this week-end. The representative side in Singapore and Malaya will be restricted to junior games of which there is a full programme.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Blackhawks-Pandas Clash Holds The Spotlight Tomorrow

By "TIME OUT"

Taking the spotlight in this week's four-game softball card at King's Park is the second round clash between the youthful Blackhawks and the rejuvenated Hongkong Pandas at 2.00 p.m. tomorrow, as these two teams will be out in force to tighten their grasps on the upper bracket of the Senior "A" Penultimate ladder.

Also featured in this week's card are the League-leading Braves, as they tangle with the U.S. Navy contingent, while the once-mighty South China nine crosses bats with their old rivals, the Chinese Athletics.

On the distaff side only one game is billed as tomorrow's curtain-raiser, sees the second round of the Junior Ladies' play-offs come on for decision. Having taken the first game from the Overseas quite comfortably, the young Colleen maidens are tipped to take tomorrow's tussle to win the Junior title.

Starting in tomorrow's feature game, player-captain John Pereira's youthful Blackhawks will have to be on their toes if they are to beat the Pandas in their second round encounter. The Hawks have been dishing up a top class brand of ball recently, as was shown by their near upset of the leading Braves and the trimming of the once-formidable South China, and with no tough breaks tomorrow, should account for the Pandas for the second time this season.

With the departure of mound ace Joey Graca, hurling duties have fallen back on the shoulders of fireman Rennie Barretto to carry the day, for the Hawks. Though his slings over the plate have lost their accuracy of Junior League days, the timing of, and use of, his fast ball covers up for this deficiency.

With other sporting activities in the offing tomorrow, the Hawks will not be starting their regular nine as ballhawk Robert and Manuel Nunes will be out for hockey duties while first sacker Tony Rodrigues stays out nursing a bad ankle.

The infield four facing the umpire tomorrow will probably come from southpaw Eric Remedios at the initial sack, Donel Remedios at the keystone and young Mico Guan at the hot corner.

The windy-alley post will be in the hands of veteran Tony Silva. Forming the outer line of defence in this "scratch" nine will be Gerry Remedios at left, John Pereira at centre and young lefty Robert Remedios in the right corner.

OUT IN FORCE
The Pandas, on the other hand, will be out in force and with the return of veterans Raymond Tiao and Y. S. Liang to the line-up, will definitely have a big say in the decision of the tussle.

Underarm hurler Clyde Kwok will be given the nod to take

the distaff side only one game is billed as tomorrow's curtain-raiser, sees the second round of the Junior Ladies' play-offs come on for decision.

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The windy-alley post will be in the hands of veteran Tony Silva. Forming the outer line of defence in this "scratch" nine will be Gerry Remedios at left, John Pereira at centre and young lefty Robert Remedios in the right corner.

The Pandas, on the other hand, will be out in force and with the return of veterans Raymond Tiao and Y. S. Liang to the line-up, will definitely have a big say in the decision of the tussle.

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SPORTS QUIZ

1. What sports would you be watching if you saw the following competing: a fire-fighter, a southpaw, and a gelding?
2. Who rode most Derby winners, Steve Donoghue, Fred Archer, or Gordon Richards?
3. What sports do you connect with the following names: Cyril Peacock, Walter Hagen, G. Von Cramm and Horace Lindrum?
4. Who was the last man to play outside-right in the England football team?
5. In what game is the maximum score 301?
6. In cricket what name is given to an off-break delivered with a leg-break action?
7. How long is the Marathon course?
8. What have these former world Heavyweight Boxing Champions in common: Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns, Primo Carnera, and Max Baer?
9. The rivalry of the two Helms was a feature of pre-war Wimbledon. Who were the two Helms?
10. At what events do the following athletes hold world titles: Barry O'Brien, Roger Moens, John Landy and Hee Hogan?

(Answers See Page 17)

Aussie Skipper Bows Unfairly, Says Bailey

Trevor Bailey, the man who has broken so many Australian cricket hearts on the field, has now upset the Australians off it.

In a book called "Cricket" (published by Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd.) he accuses Australian captain Ian Johnson of throwing the ball. This, think the Aussies, is bad enough. But to do it on the eve of the Test team's sailing for England to try to win back the Ashes—well, they are absolutely convinced Bailey tried to deliberately plot to get at Johnson's morale.

Ian thinks that, too. But he reckons Bailey is wasting his time. Says he: "I can assure Trevor my nerves are beyond shaking by such ridiculous comment."

Adds Mr. Ledward, Victoria Cricket Association secretary: "We are not worried by these charges. They usually pop up just before a major cricket tour."

The Australians have defended Johnson, publishing action strips which show that although he does appear about to throw the ball his arm straightens at the top of his swing. Then the Aussies have gone on to attack the style of an English bowler—Tony Lock. They say that Lock has a style which has always caused doubts about its legitimacy.

(London Express Service, COPYRIGHT)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

It is six years ago since Leicester City were involved in their biggest transfer transaction. They sold inside-left Ken Chisholm to Coventry City, taking Eddie Marsh in exchange, and signed Ian Wilson from Burnley and Peter Small from Luton Town. Chisholm has since been to Cardiff City and is now with Sunderland. Small is with Notts Forest. Wilson with Rotherham and Marsh with non-League Workson.

Player To Referee

Last season 35-year-old Joe Backus was voted "The Footballer of the Year" in Blackburn (Lancs) amateur circles. This season he has been chosen "The Referee of the Year." The surprise in these quick-change awards is that Backus has been a referee only twelve months after playing 19 years for Mill Hill St Peter's.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Dai Rees

By ARCHIE QUICK

Dai, good-looking, intense little Dai Rees is back again from his globe-trotting. Britain's most consistent post-war professional golfer is back in his shop at South Horse Club which is at Tottieridge, North London. Dai has been to India, to the United States as the Ryder Cup captain, to most of the continents, and to East Africa, Egypt, Australia and New Zealand these last few years, and now he sets out once again this summer on the tournament circuit with one ambition—the Open Championship which has so often narrowly eluded him.

It seems a long while since I first met up with this typical of Welshmen. He had learned his apprenticeship at the golf club in his native Aberdeenshire, became assistant at St Mellie's, then moved on to London to become assistant at Surbiton. There he won the Assistant's Championship, the forerunner of so many honours to come, harbinger of fame and wealth.

MAJOR SUCCESS

He was only 22, an obscure assistant at an unfashionable suburban club, but that year of 1936 he won his first major success—no less than the Match-Play Championship of Great Britain, a feat he has since repeated three times. Undoubtedly he worked his way to the final that September day twenty years ago and had then to face the great Ernest Whitcombe in his prime. Whitcombe, of course, would win said everybody. Looked like it too when he was five up at the end of eighteen holes and still holding that big advantage with fourteen holes to play.

Then Rees found touch with his putter, won the next five holes to square, took the lead for the first time at the next where he holed a putt at the 12th from the edge of the green, became two up at the sixteenth and eventually won on the home green. "That was my greatest joy," says Dai, "greater than being asked to captain the Ryder Cup team in California last year."

Rees swears he won that exciting final because a spectator came to him while he was having his lunch five down and out. "Better luck next time," The Celtic in him revolved and he proved that a match is never lost until the last putt has been sunk.

But oh how this dapper little man wants to win the "Open." At 42 years of age, time is not on his side, and there will again be a formidable overseas challenge, but little Dai of Aberdeen, with his coaches and dreams optimistically.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Athletics

Land Forces Individual Athletics Championships at Boundary Street, commencing at 2.30 p.m.

Cricket

1st Division: Scorpions v Optimitas at Chester Road.

2nd Division: Army "South" v K.F.C., Eastern Army "North" v U. of York, "A" K.C. "Waugh" v Dockyard, R.A.F. v Police, Reserve v K.C. "Hornet", University "B" v Navy.

Triangular Tournament: Army v Combined R.A.F.-Navy at Southwark 11 a.m.

Rugby

Div. 2: KEMD v Jerrins (CU) 4 p.m.; South China v Club (CU) 4 p.m.; CAA v Eastern (Club) 4 p.m.; Army v Army (Club) 5 p.m.; Kitchener v St. Joseph's (Navy) 5.30 p.m.; Police v R.A.F. (BS) 5.30 p.m.

Div. 3: Gymnasium v R.A.M.C. 5.30 p.m.; Both matches at Happy Valley at 4 p.m.; Transvaal v P.C.F. 7 p.m.; Dockyard v R.N.B. 7.30 p.m.; Both matches at Happy Valley at 7.30 p.m.; Prisons v Soldiers (Borden) 1.30 p.m.

Div. 4: R.E. v Caroline Hill at 4 p.m.; H.C. Arsenal v Hongkong at 5.30 p.m. Both matches at Happy Valley.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

(1) Footballing prowess

(2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail.

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

FICKLE FORTUNE

Just over a year ago Mr Bob Brocklebank was manager of Birmingham City, and Mr Arthur Turner was assistant manager of Stoke City. Now Mr Turner has inherited the team which Mr Brocklebank built, and has taken it to the Cup Final. Poor Mr Brocklebank is now in charge of Hull City and seems sure to be relegated to the Third Division.

Secretarial Rush

Birmingham City received 15,000 applications for Cup Final tickets—in one day. Total to date is roughly 100,000! Their allocation? 30,000.

POP

653



THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

TENTH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 14th April, 1956

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 10 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1956 SETS OF MEMBERS' BADGES AND LADIES' BROCHURES ARE VALID UNTIL THE END OF THE CURRENT RACING SEASON.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Brides at \$10.00 each are obtainable from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, only on the written introduction of a Member, who will be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$20 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 13th April will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

SPECIAL CASH SWEEP

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 28th April 1956, at \$2.00 each, may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited. ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,

A. E. ARNOLD,

Secretary.

"PAK LO" SUMS UP GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN STANDARD OF LOCAL RUGGER THIS SEASON

It is customary for the press, when the rugby season has ended, to sum up the general state of rugby in the Colony, and at the same time to remark upon anything of outstanding interest to players and spectators. Last year I was forced to state that the standard of rugby had deteriorated generally, but this year I feel I can safely say that there has been a great improvement in not only the standard of play, but also in the standard of refereeing.

With a higher standard of refereeing the players were forced to play to the laws, which was not at all the case in the previous season. This made for a more interesting game as the Rugby Union intended it should.

This season, although most of the fifteens have had strong packs, the three were once more beginning to come into their own and the games have been of the more open type, thus increasing the interest in them from both players' and spectators' point of view.

The new system of pre-Christmas games proved to be without doubt much superior to the previous arrangement, and there is therefore every reason why the status quo should be retained.

ONLY WEAKNESS

The only weakness that showed was in the choice of grounds, many of which were changed at the last moment. Here I think the HKRU should step in and insist that once a ground has been chosen no alteration should be allowed.

I would also suggest if it is possible more use be made next season of the Club grounds, for it is by far the best in the Colony, in place of the Army ground at Boundary Street, and the Kai Tak ground, both of which are, as all too many players will agree, sadly in need of refurbishing.

As everyone is aware, the Hexangular Tournament came to a sudden stop, with the Army unable to find the time to play off their games. It has, therefore, been suggested that in the pre-Christmas games each team play each other once, a minor tournament, thus allowing the Hexangular to start earlier.

This, however, would, presuming a same number of teams enter the pre-Christmas tournament, only allow an extra Saturday, and to cope with the extra time even earlier, there would be no time to play off some of the pre-Christmas games during the week.

This should be capable of arrangement, and with the Hexangular Tournament thus starting at the beginning of December or even earlier, there could be little reason for complaints that one team or the other was unable to finish off their share of the games.

TWO MORE LAWS

Next season players will find themselves faced with yet two more new laws to learn about. I feel it is inadvisable to discuss them at present until the exact wording is known, especially since most players still have a somewhat hazy idea of the Laws lately introduced.

In comparison with the beginning of the season there has been a big improvement in players' understanding of the Laws, but I would suggest that in the training period next season the referees be approached again to give some more talks and instruction on the Laws.

While on the subject of the Laws I recently heard a well-known player voice his opinion on the question of penalty goals.

He felt that three points was giving the attacking team an unfair advantage, especially as in the case in Internationals where a man can convert a penalty from say 45 yards from the posts.

Here I entirely agree with him, for it is unlikely that the attacking team would succeed in penetrating the defence, especially in a case where the defence is in a scrum of its own.

I could not, however, agree with him on his suggestion of making a penalty goal worth only two points, but we eventually came to agreement on a method which we felt took care of the matter.

This was to retain the three points for a penalty conversion, but only to allow a kick at goal to be taken when the offence occurred inside the 25-yard line.

Outside the line a kick of any type would be allowed with the defending players retiring 10 yards, but the kick would not be allowed to be at the goal posts, and should in an up and under kick the ball go over the cross bar then the kick would be nullified and a scrum take place at the position of the original infringement.

This would not make infringements more profitable outside the 25 for the same man who is capable of converting from 45 yards is just as capable of finding touch close to the opponents' line, thus giving the attacking team a decided advantage, though not necessarily three points.

It would also in many cases where such an infringement takes place speed up the game (how often have we waited minutes while a kick is placed 25 yards just so we outside the 25 yards are to steady himself and then when everyone is worked up, snuffs his kick completely, or misses by a large margin).

The suggestion would also level up teams where one has the advantage through a powerful kicker though the rest of the side are no great shakes as players.

All the above is merely a suggestion and should give players and spectators something to think about during the off-season.

MAIN HIGHLIGHTS

Now the main highlights of the season. In the first part of the season the Gunners took pride of place when they went through with an unbeaten record, and went on to overcome the rest of the Colony by a comfortable margin.

The Kuala Lumpur Collegians brought up a fifteen, but they proved to be no match for even the weakest side placed against them, and lost both their matches here.

Then came the Gunners again, though this time they played as 74 LAA, and they won the Inter Unit finals, beating the King's Own in the final by 14 points to 6 points. They then went down to Singapore to meet the Fijians in the final of the FARELE Inter-Unit Competition, but as expected went

down mainly to the all-powerful Fijians.

Then came the Hexangular with the Club and the Army South sharing the top honours, and the Army North running them both a close third, and finally the Blarney Stone Sevens when the King's Own beat the 74 LAA in the final to get their own back for their loss of the Inter-Unit competition.

THE TEAMS

Now the Teams: Army South: A grand team with a first class three line, and two very good halves and the best full back in the Colony. They fully deserved their place at the top of the table and should go on to greater things next year. They played a more open type of game than the other sides, and as a result, scored heavily in nearly all their games. Only once did they falter and that was when Army North drew with them.

Club: A very much improved side from last season. Kerr, before he left pulled the side together and Penman in the last few weeks showed what a strong hand can do. The Club still rely to a great extent on their pack, without doubt one of the strongest in the Colony, though they lack a hooker, but their three show signs of coming into their own again. Next season they should again be challenging Army South for top place.

Army North: Another good team though their pack needs stiffening and their three line lost its games they did mainly through greediness. In Sharpe and Keir they had two good halves who made a major difference to their side and they had some of the fastest three in the Colony. A little more work among the backs should see this team again among the leaders.

RAF: Started well but faded away as injury after injury hit them. Had a good strong pack, and at the start a fair set of three, but at the end although their pack remained intact they were in a sad state behind the scrum. Given some new replacements in the backs next season they could improve on this season's showing.

Navy: Had their usual bad luck with ships carrying the strongest players in the team invariably leaving before their most important games. Whether they will do better next season remains in the melting pot, but the Navy are sure to be in there trying.

Police: Wooden Spoon winners again, but with a much improved record. Another team hard hit by injuries. In fact although the RAF recorded more injuries the Police felt their more, for they did not have the men to replace them. Their biggest loss was Johnstone, their full back, and after his forced retirement from the game the team did not do well.

However, there was a much stronger spirit in the Police and this season they got away from their defensive game. Could improve again next season, and though not expected to be at the top of the table should leave the wooden spoon for someone else.



MISS ANN HAYDON

UP THE POLES

The Polish Air Force Football team which plays in the Bulwell (Notts) League have a good chance of finishing as runners-up, and this in their first season too.

Don Cockell And Turpin Get Their Last Chance; Fame Again Or Fade Out

By ALAN HOBY

How fickle is fame! It is less than a year since Don Cockell won every British heart by the way he stood up to the murderous Rocky Marciano for nine brutal rounds.

It is less than five years since 18,000 people at Earls Court sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" after Randolph Turpin had won the World Middleweight title from "Sugar" Ray Robinson.

Indeed, whatever anyone may say about Messrs Turpin and Cockell—and nowadays—the "knockers" are busy as woodpeckers—they are still members of a mighty exclusive caste.

For of all the Champions and near-Champions who earn their living in the British ring they and Peter Keenan are the only three who have actually fought for world titles—Turpin twice and Cockell and Keenan once.

By any yardstick that is a fine record, but public memory, unfortunately, is like a sieve.

The sunshine of public acclaim has temporarily gone in for Don and Randy—particularly Randy.

Rightly or wrongly—and I think wrongly—the know-alls

Two Years Of Defeat

Walkley Working Men's Club have not won a match in the Sheffield League for two seasons, but they always turn out a full side and play with sportsmanship. Last season they picked up three points from three drawn games; this season they have been beaten in each of their 20 games!

ANN HAYDON IS PHYSICALLY AND LITERALLY THE MIRACLE GIRL OF TABLE TENNIS

Says GEORGE WHITING

Youngsters who swipe their elders off the face of the earth are becoming commonplace in this jet age, but I still think there is something rather special about a gym-slip British schoolgirl who ups and takes off for Tokyo to represent her country in a World Championship.

And I rate it all the more impressive when that same schoolgirl is vigorous enough and versatile enough to shine all the year round at table tennis in winter and lawn tennis in summer. The female Fred Perry of 1956.

Yet that is not the half of it when we come to marvel at the 17-year-old case-history of a buxom lass from Birmingham called Ann Haydon—all-England Junior Lawn Tennis Champion, and member of Britain's table tennis team contesting the World Championships in Japan from April 2-11.

For Ann Haydon is, physically and literally, a miracle girl. At 10, an age when most of her kind are bawling with the joy of life, she was laid low by an illness that put her in hospital for four months, kept her in bed at home for seven months, and shut her off from the world for more than a year.

LITTLE HOPE

The shattering effect on her parents—her mother is now with her in Tokyo—needs no emphasis.

Ann's recovery was a miracle, nothing less. It was not just a question of no more sport—but of no more living. We were told quite frankly that there was little hope of recovery.

Thus testified her abounding grateful father, Adrian Haydon, as we lunched in a suburban pub at Birmingham, where he is occupied on the sales staff of a motorcycle outfit.

Nothing could have been more natural than that the Haydons should have turned to ball games to restore their daughter to the full life.

Father and mother, the former Doris Jordan, were table tennis internationals. Dad rating as high as Swaythling Cup captain and still serving as an international selector.

Nevertheless, Ann Haydon's first left-arm sporting endeavours were at cricket. Had she been born a boy she might

well by now be emulating her father's second XI batting for Warwickshire. Lawn and table tennis at King's Heath came as a natural corollary after the ball games had given restive at her father's "gripping" of their carefully contrived leg-breaks.

HIDINGS

From her earliest tips and taps and pings and pongs, the lass from King's Norton Grammar School shot through the table tennis world with the speed of a politician passing the buck.

At 13, she was playing for Birmingham and handing out hidings to grown men—and one year later performing for England against France in Paris. At 15 she won the World Championship and Corbillion Cup efforts at Wembley, to be followed in 1955 by a most promising world title sortie in Utrecht.

And now Tokyo—after a phenomenal season in which she won nine open tournaments out of 11, collected the national championships of Wales, Belgium and France; and turned in aggressive left-hand wins over such big names as the six-times World Champion Angelica Rozescu of Hungary, our own Rowe twins, and Austria's Linde Werth-Rumpler.

They ranked Ann Haydon the 12th best table-tennis girl in the world when she was 15. Last year they promoted her to No. 10. In Tokyo she is seeded fifth. And if that is not pretty hot progress you can call me a sponge bat.

No wonder the much-travelled Miss H. has spent but one Christmas at home since she came to the age of 10. She has been dancing, and kept up with her studies only by dint of assiduous swotting in the back seat of father's car.

CHAMPION

Days off? No. There is lawn tennis to be considered, and a possible first appearance this summer in the Women's Singles at Wimbledon. Hence the tough winter sessions at Queen's Club under professional George Worthington, who all, when Maestro Dan Maskell permits you in as a most highly promising nominated player, there is not much a conscientious and ambitious young woman can do but put her best foot forward.

Being a teen-ager, an international and a Junior Champion of Great Britain in two consecutive seasons entails a certain amount of freely given perspiration.

Travel... practice... competitive play... the whole year round... no time for mixing. Is not such a programme likely to fashion a temperamental and precocious young mix? And did not this same Ann Haydon flounce off to Wimbledon court and run to mother in tears last year when an opponent persisted in stone-wall lobbing and soft balling?

No to the tantrums. Yes to the tears. Her father admits that Miss Ann lost her poise, claims off colour, and asks us to bear with her as a teen-ager under the wear and tear of fierce and prolonged competition.

"My girl is no problem child," says Mr. Haydon. "She has a wonderful temperament—and for a very good reason, that until very recently both her mother and I could beat her at either of her games. That kind of correction stops 'bigness' before it starts. As a youngster who has had only 14 days free of either table tennis or lawn tennis in the last 12 months, Ann has been under terrific stress and strain—but she behaves herself wonderfully."

Sooner or later, I suppose, this astonishing young woman will be called upon to decide whether her future lies with table tennis, lawn tennis, or the University for which her "form" at school and her perspicacity at French, Latin and German baffle her.

SPENT 22,500

Meanwhile, I am glad to report that Miss Ann Haydon can and does cook for her parents, shares the household chores, shows signs in dress, material, and does not throw too fiercely on occasional callers of the opposite sex.

If I had heard that she was "above" such wholesome things, then the commonsense conclusion would be that Tokyo does not matter; hence, and that Mr and Mrs Haydon had wasted the £2,500 they reckon they have spent on raising their daughter to top-line status in two sports.

As it is, Ann Haydon has her share of both the human attributes and the human failings. I hope she likes the world.

(London Express Service)

(Copyright)

Cricket Souvenirs

On the recent visit of the West Indies cricket team in Christchurch, the spin bowler Sonny Ramadhin had his hair cut in a saloon.

The next customer was told the black locks strewn about the floor belonged to Ramadhin, and without preamble the customer gathered the locks into a paper bag to take home to his small but cricket-conscious son.

—China Mail Special.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Yachting, boxing and horse-racing.
2. Steve Donoghue—six.
3. Cycling, golf, lawn tennis and billiards.
4. Tom Finney.
5. Darts.
6. Googly.
7. 26 miles 385 yards.
8. They are the only non-Americans to win the title.
9. Helen Wills-Moody and Helen Jacobs.
10. Putting the weight, 800 metres, mile and 100 yards.

Lancashire Cup Fighters

Lancashire have provided the Wembley Cup Finalists ten out of 22 times since the last War. Only three times have a Lancashire club not been represented, and two have been all-Blackpool affairs. But only two have emerged as winners, Blackpool (twice), Manchester United (Liverpool, Preston, Burnley and Bolton have been the clubs).

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THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

1. THERE! I'VE BALANCED MY BANK ACCOUNT WITH MY CHEQUES.

2. AND I'M ONLY A GUILTING OUT.

3. LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIND THE GUILTING.

4. HERE! IT AND I DON'T MAKE 21 - YOU'RE 24 OUT.

5. WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE WELL ALONE?

6. Gay's half an hour late - I'll find him at this corner.

7. Please she's forgotten - I'll find her at home.

8. No reply - that means she's out.

9. OH, SO HERE YOU ARE AT LAST!

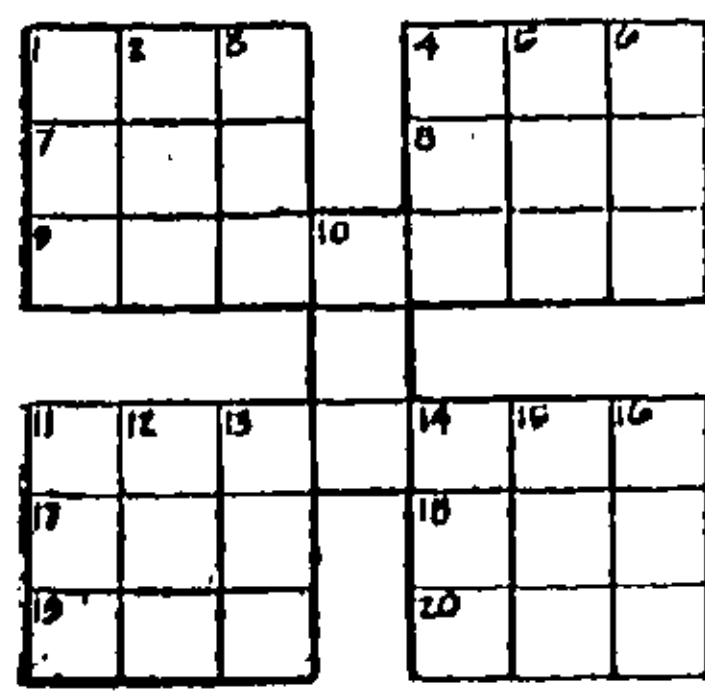
GOLDEN CHURN
... better butter

Gaymer's CYDER
SERVED ICY COLD

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Office of Price Administration (10 letters)
- 4 Permit
- 7 Temporary hobby
- 8 Silkworm
- 9 These bud in the springtime
- 11 Repairs
- 17 Busy insect
- 18 Look at
- 19 They are in your newspaper
- 20 Greek letter

DOWN

- 1 Not on
- 2 Chum
- 3 Bustle
- 4 Boy's name
- 5 Make a mistake
- 6 "My Country, — of Thee"
- 10 Murry
- 11 Cat's cry
- 12 Finish
- 13 Night (ab.)
- 14 Sailor's direction
- 15 Return (ab.)
- 16 Body of water

TRIANGLE

The Puzzleman has hung his triangle from SPRING. The second word is "to make idle talk"; third "large mice"; fourth "belongs to it"; and fifth "a compass point". Finish the triangle:

SPRING
P
R
I
N
G

Make Cheer Tree

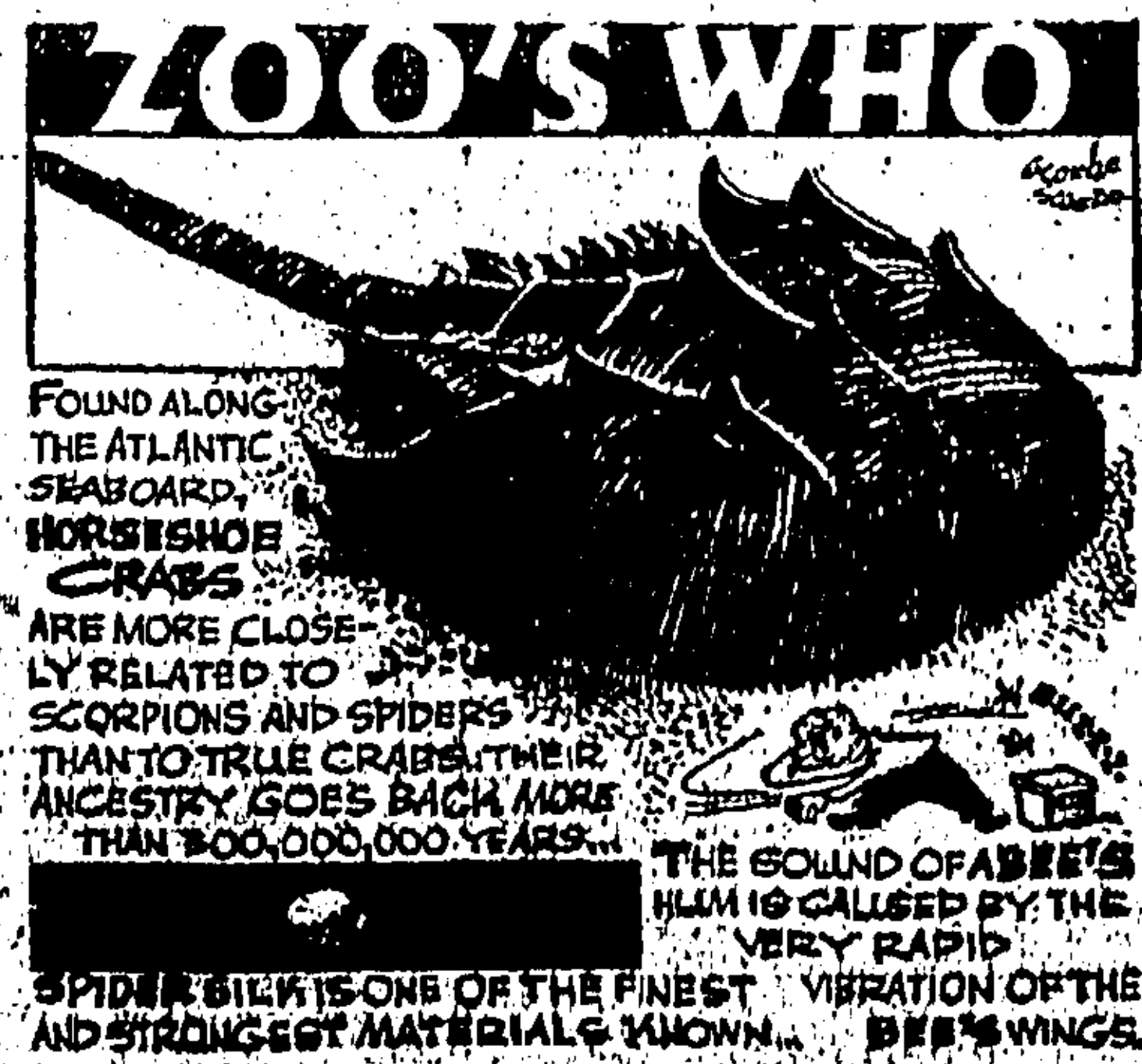
TO MAKE this tree, cut a sturdy branch from a tree or bush. You can paint the branches a pretty colour and make it still more attractive.

If the branch is rather heavy, put it through a tight hole in the top of a cardboard box. Nail the base of the branch to a flat board hidden by the box so tree will stand firmly. The box can be painted or covered with gold or silver paper.

Select small gifts to suit the occasion and tie with pretty ribbons to the branches.

This tree makes a wonderful centerpiece for a birthday party. Buy an assortment of small gifts and tie to the branches with gay coloured ribbons.

For a shui-in, it will be a cheering surprise. Tie on some toys, books and little games. You will find that you will use this centerpiece over and over to celebrate many special happenings.



FOUND ALONG

THE ATLANTIC

SEABOARD

SCORPION

CRAB

ARE MORE CLOSE

LY RELATED TO

SCORPIONS AND SPIDERS

THAN TO TRUE CRABS. THEIR

ANCESTRY GOES BACK MORE

THAN 400,000,000 YEARS.

THE SOUND OF A BEE'S

WING IS CALLED BY THE

VERY RAPID

SPIDER SILKS ARE ONE OF THE FINEST

AND STRONGEST MATERIALS KNOWN.

BEE'S WINGS.

Diamonds May Well Be Called Miracle Stones

CENTURIES ago, diamonds were believed to possess mysterious powers. According to ancient superstition, the brilliant gems were partly human, and could hate a person or sympathize with him, according to certain conditions.

It was also whispered that diamonds could cure insanity in the person who obtained one. When dipped in poison, the stone was supposed to make the dose more deadly.

All of these weird stories, of course, were only myths that had been handed down through the years. However, diamonds are extremely remarkable and useful as well as being very valuable.

INDUSTRIAL USE

They are the hardest and most brilliant of all minerals. Because of their unusual hardness they are unexcelled as bearings for watches and various kinds of meters. Hundreds of small diamonds are used yearly in the manufacture of fine watches.

Their durability and sharp edges make diamonds universally preferred for cutting glass and porcelain. Today industry consumes a large portion of the world's diamond production.

The search for diamonds is a relentless pursuit that has occupied men for countless centuries. The world's first great diamond mines were those of India and Borneo, opened during the 17th Century. In 1727 diamonds were discovered in Brazil.

The Brazilian mines ranked as the world's largest until 1867. In that year a native child playing on the

banks of the Orange River in South Africa spied a shiny object lying on the beach. The object was so large and brilliant that the fascinated youngster took his find to a white trader who happened to be camped nearby.

Awed by its lustre, the trader carried the object to Dr. W. G. Atherstone, a British geologist at Grahamstown.

Dr. Atherstone immediately recognised what he held as a huge diamond. This stone later became known as the "Star of Africa". And for many years was considered the world's largest diamond.

The discovery of the giant "Star of Africa" brought hordes of eager fortune seekers to the banks of the Orange and nearby Vaal rivers. Soon, more than 10,000 persons were combing the area in search of more diamonds. Large diamond mines were established in this section and in other parts of Africa.

Today, South Africa produces a large share of the world's diamond supply.

In South Africa diamonds are found both in river diggings and dry diggings. The river diggings stretch along the Vaal River from Potchefstroom to a confluence with the Orange and up this stream as far as Hope-town. Here, diamonds are washed out of the river sand in the same way gold is sifted out of stream beds in our own country.

The mines are found in Griqualand West, on the borders of the Orange River Colony, 640 miles northeast of Capetown. These are called "pipe mines" because the diamonds are found in circular or oval areas of dark blue soil, called "blues", hundreds of feet into the earth.

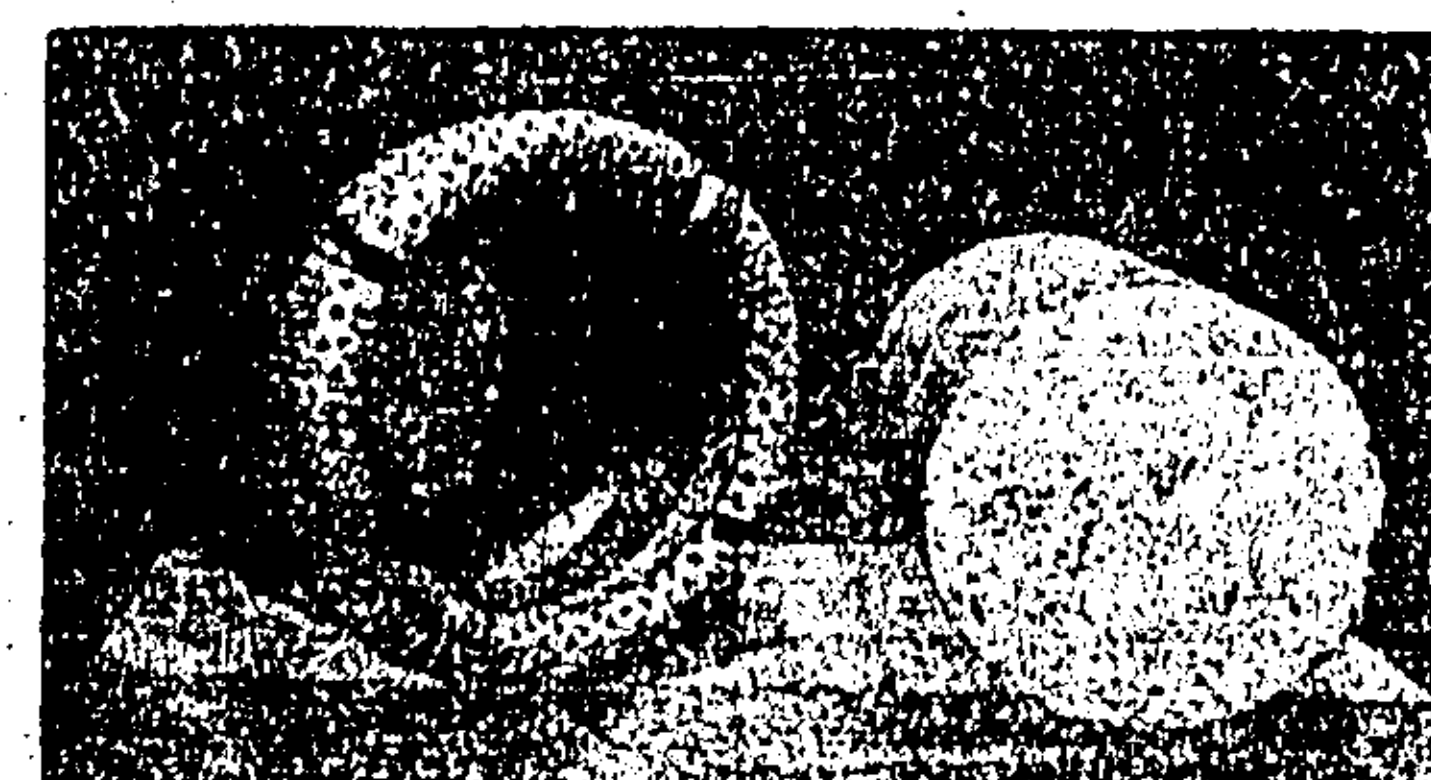
MUD BATH

In these mines, native workers blast loose chunks of "blues" with charges of dynamite placed in specially drilled holes. The loose earth is tossed into slender, four-wheeled carts for a swift journey to the mine's surface.

Then the blue ground is dumped into the steel jaws of a giant crusher. Here, it is smashed into a powdery mass.



ABOVE: Diamond mine in South Africa. BELOW: Diamond-studded core bit (left) can gouge out "cookies" of solid rock.



From the crusher, the diamond-studded soil is plunged into a sticky "mud bath." It is mixed with a thin coating of mud and fed into a rotating washing pan. There are heavier minerals in the soil, including the diamonds, sink to the pan's bottom.

After the mud bath comes a dip in grease. The material left by the washing process flows across long tables coated with grease. The diamonds, which are heavier than any other objects in this residue, become imbedded in this grease. Everything else is carried along by the water.

To free the diamonds, the grease is scraped off the table tops and boiled. The precious gems are then washed again and then sorted by hand according to their size and quality. More than 10 tons of blue ground must be carried to the

surface of the earth for every one-carat gem. The diamond is one of mankind's greatest treasures. It might well be called the stone of miracles — even though it does not permit the owner to perform miracles as early people once believed.

—By Stuart Covington

Is This A Mere Coincidence?

IN the very week that America announces Tokyo Rose is to be freed from prison, the post office authorities in Tokyo put out a new stamp showing a prim doll-like little lady with a round, innocent face.

It may be only Japan's way of wishing all her friends abroad a very bright and prosperous New Year — the stamp is marked 1956.

But it seems to me to be more than a coincidence that the prim little lady on the stamp bears a close resemblance to Tokyo Rose in her hey-day.

A well known character was Rose, American troops sloshing through the Philippine jungles or attacking Jap-held Pacific redoubts would hear the voice of Rose every time they turned on the radio.

She would urge them to give up the fight and return home quickly before their wives and sweethearts got tired waiting. Occasionally, Rose would even sing in an effort to make her morale-busting propaganda still more seductive.

It was all in vain. When Japan surrendered, Rose was captured and sentenced to long-term imprisonment. But in New Year she was pardoned and released. And she was still wide-eyed and round faced. Just the sort of girl many a soldier would think about. But not U.S. soldiers fighting a war to the death against Japan.

The "little lady" stamp is perforated 13½, printed in photogravure and costs 6¢ in London. —J. A. A.

Rupert and the Black Circle—13



Mr. Antester looks quite furious. "I was just going to find Constable Growler," he storms, "but perhaps you can tell me what I want to know. Somebody has put a dirty black ring on the middle of my front gate and quite spoiled it. Have you young people

TRUE ADVENTURE —

Case Of The Cloth Imprint

BECAUSE the number of vertical and horizontal threads is never the same in two different pieces of cloth, Lt. Leo Jones of the Los Angeles police succeeded in apprehending the culprit in a recent hit-and-run automobile accident.

He was experiencing a great deal of difficulty with this particular case for the usual reasons. The rapidly disappearing shape of a stock model car is so difficult to remember or identify that the hit-and-run driver is considered to be harder to bring to justice than the average murderer.

★ ★ ★

There are just too many autos that seem to be exactly like it. But no two cars really are true twins, insisted Jones. He resolved he would find a difference.

He started the investigation along conventional lines. First, he questioned all witnesses. Then he used the descriptions that resulted in order to build up an approximate picture of the auto. It was searched for by canvassing all likely areas where it just might happen to be found. Dozens of cars were picked up, and stop three began. This was an eliminating process where all the less likely candidates were taken out of con-



sideration. Eventually only three remained, and two were put out of running after careful inspection with the help of a car.

The lone car that was left was scrutinized with the lens also and would have been discarded if it hadn't been for one picture of a dusty fender. The design on its surface seemed rather unusual. Was it the pattern of a cloth weave? Lt. Jones wondered.

He studied it very carefully and then said to an assistant, "Let me see the trousers of the victim of the accident."

★ ★ ★

Then Jones closed the case by having the imprinted weave on the fender and the weave of the fabric of the garment photographed and compared.

They matched exactly, and since the number of vertical and horizontal threads is identical in samples that are taken from the same piece of cloth only, it was this bit of evidence that led to a conviction.

Some Rainy Day Magic

—The Shadows Are Able to Walk Between Raindrops—

By MAX TRELL

KNARE and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, were looking out of the window wondering when the rain was going to stop when they heard a cheerful voice behind them.

"Good morning, my jolly dears," said Mr. Merlin the Magnificent Magician.

Not Jolly

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Merlin," said Hanid. "We're not jolly at all."

"And why not, pray?" asked Mr. Merlin. "Don't tell me the rain is bothering you."

"It's keeping us from going out," said Hanid.

"Dear me," said Mr. Merlin. "And are you going to let a little thing like rain keep you and Knarf from going out? Haven't you ever heard of the umbrella and the raincoat?"

Knarf said that it wasn't much fun going out wearing a raincoat and carrying an umbrella. Hanid agreed with him.

"And besides," she said to Mr. Merlin, who stood listening with a smile on his lips, "even with a raincoat and an umbrella, you still get wet."

"I wish," said Knarf, looking at Mr. Merlin straight in the eye, "that you were a really wonderful magician."

A Little Astonished

"How's that?" said Mr. Merlin, looking a little astonished. "I'm the most magnificent magician the world has ever known. If there's any trick that I can't do, I'd like to know about it."

"This time Knarf smiled. "If you're really such a magnificent magician," Mr. Merlin, why can't you tell us how to walk between the raindrops?"

For an instant, Mr. Merlin looked surprised. Knarf went on to say that if Mr. Merlin could show them how to walk between the raindrops, they would be able to go out into the



Knarf looked Merlin straight in the eye.

rain without wearing a raincoat or carrying an umbrella without getting wet.

Black Book

"Easy as pie," said Mr. Merlin. He took a little black book out of his pocket, thumbed through a few pages, stopped and read something, put the book away, numbed some strange words and clapped his hands.

Instantly, Knarf and Hanid became smaller than the head of a pin, smaller than the dot over an "i", smaller than the period at the end of this sentence.

They found themselves standing on the top step of the porch outside the front door. They slid down the steps until they reached the sidewalk.

"Just look at those raindrops!" said Hanid to her brother.

Each raindrop was the size of a balloon. They were dropping down from the sky and splashing as they hit the ground.

Knarf and Hanid looked at each other and nodded. They walked down the street. They didn't walk exactly; perhaps zigzagging would be a better word. When they saw any of the balloon-sized raindrops coming down, they dodged nimbly aside. It was wonderful to see what wide spaces there were between the raindrops and how really easy it was to slither between them without getting wet.

A Great Raindrop

Finally, after reaching the end of the street and turning back, Knarf grew careless. A great raindrop landed square on his head. He was drenched from head to toe.

But there they were inside the house again. Mr. Merlin made them their regular size. "Well," said the Magnificent Magician, "to his two friends, were you able to walk between the drops?"

"No, I got all wet!" said Knarf. "I'm soaked from head to toe. Just look at me!"

"Soaked from head to foot?" said Mr. Merlin in surprise. "Why, all I can see is a single little drop on the hair on the top of your head! Call that being soaked?"

Mr. Merlin was a magnificent magician!

H.K. & Shanghai Bank Bldg. Tel 27789

1942

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1956.

ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

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